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# The QUARTERLY REVIEW

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

*No. 544.—APRIL 1940.*

## Art. 1.—NEW ZEALAND: A RETROSPECT.

THAT New Zealand, an isolated territory consisting of three islands (one of them of insignificant size) in mid-Pacific, only slightly larger than Great Britain, more distant from the hub of the Empire and from all the chief centres of European civilisation than any other country, and at the dawn of the nineteenth century inhabited almost exclusively by savage cannibals, should this year be celebrating her hundredth birthday, not merely as a Dominion of the British Crown but as a land of culture and an advanced guard of democratic progress, is surely one of the romantic wonders of the world. She owes her not inappropriate name to her casual, vague, and wholly ineffective discovery (if discovery it can be called) in 1642 by the Dutch explorer Abel Tasman. Her real discovery by that amazing British navigator Captain James Cook was a fortuitous occurrence, for the true purpose of the latter's voyage to the Pacific in 1768-69 was to observe, at the instigation of the Royal Society of London, the transit of the planet Venus at Tahiti. Not the least interesting of his activities was the introduction into New Zealand of pigs, whose wild and uncouth descendants, popularly known as 'Captain Cookers,' roam the bush country to this day. The ultimate inclusion of the territory within the ambit of the British Empire was discountenanced by British statesmen down to the very eve of its happening, and was only decided upon as a painful necessity. As a means of quelling the rapacity of lawless European whalers, checking the internecine quarrels of Maori tribes, and affording protection to friendly Christianised natives, a British resident was sent in 1833 from Sydney to the Bay of Islands in the

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person of Mr James Busby. He was unkindly, and yet not inaccurately, nicknamed 'the Man of War without guns,' having been enjoined, in the absence of either police or armed troops, to achieve by 'moral suasion' what only the deterrent of physical force could effect. Seven years later Captain William Hobson, R.N., as Lieut.-Governor and on behalf of Queen Victoria, signed on Feb. 6, 1840, in a marquee on the lawn in front of the British Residency, the Treaty of Waitangi—the strangest international contract ever entered into in the history of civilised mankind. The signatories, other than Captain Hobson, were copper-coloured Maori chiefs who, unable to write their names, drew upon the document their 'moko' (or distinctive tattoo) marks, the missionaries, under whose influence they acted, attesting their identity. Foremost among the former were Hone Heke and Tamati Waaka Nene, stalwart warriors of the Ngapuhi tribe, and chief among the latter was the intrepid Christian protagonist Archdeacon Henry Williams, an Anglican clergyman and erstwhile naval officer, who, following in the steps of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the great pioneer of Christianity and missionary effort among the New Zealand natives, devoted forty-four years of unceasing toil to the spiritual, moral, and educational enlightenment of his devoted Maori friends and to the discouragement of their incessant inter-tribal feuds, their vendettas, and their cannibal feasts.

Under the Treaty of Waitangi the Queen of England confirmed and guaranteed to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand and their respective families 'the full, exclusive, and undisputed possession of their lands and estates, forests and fisheries, and other properties, so long as it is their wish and desire to retain the same in their possession,' but they gave Her Majesty 'the exclusive right of pre-emption over all such lands as the proprietors were disposed to alienate, at such prices as might be agreed upon between them and persons appointed by Her Majesty to treat with them in that behalf.' In consideration thereof Her Majesty 'extended to the natives of New Zealand her Royal protection and imparted to them all the rights and privileges of British subjects.' Copies of the Treaty were signed successively during the next three months by the chiefs of various tribes in different centres

throughout the two main Islands, until it could be said with confidence that the cession of sovereignty to the British Crown was beyond all dispute. The compact was sealed in many instances by the gift to the signatory of two red blankets. It is well described and universally recognised as the Magna Carta of the King's Maori subjects. It would be difficult to affirm with confidence that the British side of the bargain has been scrupulously kept. For acquisitions of land for little or no consideration, initiated previously by the whaling scallywags, were in some cases perpetuated by persons of higher status and repute, and eventuated in the unfortunate Maori War of 'the sixties,' accompanied at its commencement by the seditious 'King Movement,' and in its later stages by the grotesque horrors of the semi-religious 'Hau-Hau Movement' and the Te Kooti rebellion. On the other hand, looking back over the past century, no one can doubt that, on balance, the Maori people have benefited from the Treaty beyond the most sanguine anticipations. For the last seventy years decimating inter-tribal warfare and cannibalism have ceased, and the inherent refinement and nobility of the Maori people, evoked by the Christian ethic and by contact with the best type of Briton, have brought them cultured happiness and fully justified the equality of status which the Treaty conferred upon them. Almost concurrently with the Treaty of Waitangi, which was promoted by the British Government, there arrived in the neighbourhood of Wellington (then known as Port Nicholson)—in the teeth of opposition from the same Government—the first of several shiploads of British settlers, of all classes and occupations, sent out under the ægis of the New Zealand Company, and comprising the finest human migrant material that has ever left Great Britain to seek a home overseas. This was the outcome of the fertile brain and organising capacity of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the greatest colonising genius that has ever lived. Between Jan. 22 and Feb. 21, 1840, five ships reached Wellington harbour with 630 settlers. Others came successively during the following decade to New Plymouth (mostly Devonians), Nelson, Christchurch, and Dunedin, the last two being confined respectively to the Church of England and the Church of Scotland. The missionaries and treaty-makers of the north viewed with

suspicion and hostility the arrivals of the Wakefield settlers further south, and especially what seemed to them the ruthless, ill-informed, and importunate methods by which some of the earlier arrivals possessed themselves of native communal lands on which to settle. And yet it is the confluence of these two streams of civilising influence, coupled with the exceptionally high qualities of the native people, which has equipped this much-favoured outpost of Empire with a human element and speed of ordered progress second to none in the world.

It is illuminating to compare the time spent in travel and communication between Britain and New Zealand a hundred years ago and now. Hobson, travelling by sea, took exactly five months, Lord Willington, emissary of the United Kingdom Government to the Centenary celebrations (commencing last January), travelling by air, took fourteen days. Messages sent from the Mother Country to most parts of the infant colony (the electric cable was not laid until 1876) took at least six months; the King's historic broadcast message last Christmas took one-fourteenth of a second!

The first dealings of Wakefield's immigrants were conducted amicably with two friendly chiefs, Te Puni and Wharepouri, the payment for several thousand acres of now very valuable land in the Wellington district taking the form of muskets, gunpowder, soap, tobacco, pipes, Jew's harps, fishing hooks, blankets, shirts, trousers, shaving-brushes, axes, slates, pencils, and the like, guns and gawdy garments being particularly acceptable. Thus began in romantic fashion the adventurous colonisation of Britain's most distant self-governing Dominion.

After a comparatively short period of sporadic native unrest and internal adjustment the Colony got into its stride. In 1857, seventeen years after the signing of the Treaty and the arrival of the first Wakefield settlers, responsible self-government was accorded to it by Imperial enactment, there being not merely a Colonial Parliament sitting at first at Auckland (but transferred to Wellington, as more central, in 1865) but also six Provincial Legislative Councils, which, after constant conflict with the central body, were finally abolished in 1876. The Maoris were given by statute direct representation (with four seats) in Parliament in 1867. It may

incidentally be mentioned that the most eloquent speaker (in English) in the House of Representatives during my period of office as Governor-General was my Maori Native Minister, Sir Apirana Ngata, a barrister by profession and previously an alumnus of the University of New Zealand. Adult male suffrage was introduced in 1879 and woman suffrage in 1893, although the first election of a woman to Parliament did not take place until 1933—exactly forty years later. No English-speaking country has a higher average standard of education than New Zealand, its foundation being laid by the Education Act of 1877, which provided for all its nationals 'free, secular, and compulsory education.' During the last few years it has been foremost amongst Empire countries in stressing the advantage of 'visual education' through the medium of its excellent museums. In the early part of the nineteenth century the main industries of the country were whaling, sealing, and the felling of Kauri timber for the construction of ships and houses in New South Wales. Its economic development and material enrichment received an immense impetus by the discovery of alluvial gold in Central Otago in 1861 and the 'gold rush' which followed in successive years, abating in 1867, ceasing in the early seventies, and only reviving with the appreciation of the metal during the last ten years. In 1863 the gold export from Otago Province exceeded 2,000,000*l.* in value, its population having risen in three years from 12,000 to 79,000. Another notable landmark in New Zealand's economic development (and not, like gold mining, a wasting asset) was the first shipment of frozen meat to England in 1882. Yet another was the first systematic export of butter at the beginning of the present century. The annual value of exported meat (frozen and chilled) is to-day over 15,000,000*l.*, and that of dairy produce (which was in 1914 4,500,000*l.*) over 24,000,000*l.* This, taken together with animal by-products aggregating another 3,000,000*l.*, and a wool export of over 12,000,000*l.* (not to mention fruit, honey, tobacco, and timber), constitutes a record of primary exports of which the country's total population of a million and a half souls may well be proud. Two-thirds of New Zealand's exports go to the United Kingdom and only one-sixth to foreign countries. Two interesting and unique industries merit special

mention. One is that of Kauri gum—an exudation from the Kauri trees of the North Auckland Province. This product, although still obtained direct from the tree-bark by expert Maori tree-climbers, is mainly got by mining the deposits of past generations of forest growth, the majority of the miners being Jugo-Slavs. It is used for the preparation of a specially hard varnish. The industry has flagged in recent years in face of the growing competition of tung-oil (obtained mainly from China and Florida), which can be used for the same purposes. The other industry is that of the growing of New Zealand 'Flax' (*Phormium tenax*) and its conversion into fibre, which is used for woolpacks, sacks, binder-twine, and other like purposes, as well as for ship's cables, in which respect it has a formidable competitor in manilla and, to a less extent, in African sisal. New Zealand 'Flax' (it is not really a flax) varies greatly in quality and tensile strength. Its best varieties were a secret, known only to the Maoris of a former generation. This knowledge has, however, now been made good, as the result of breeding and selection, by research workers at Massey Agricultural College near Palmerston North. Coupled with improved methods of fibre-extraction, the industry, which was decadent a few years ago, shows signs of revival.

Of all the industries of New Zealand that of farming stands easily first. Most of the other industries are ancillary to it. The bulk of the farmers are pastoralists and, speaking generally, are enlightened and progressive, enjoying the sympathy of the Government, whatever be its political complexion, and more prepared to put to the test the teachings of modern science than farmers in Great Britain. The herbage of their pasture and its management are incontestably the best in the world. The arable area is small, except in parts of Canterbury, Otago, and Southland Provinces, and the standard of arable farming is low. On dairy farms milking machines are almost exclusively used, and these are operated by electricity, which is exceedingly cheap. There is no sharp distinction between farmers and farm-workers except on the large sheep stations in the South Island. They live on a footing of social equality and address each other by their Christian names. Specialised farm labour is common and very efficient. The musterer, the bushfeller, the contract

shearer, and the machine milker are characteristic. The musterer, whose dogs and whose boots (hand-made and cheap to him at any price) are his prime consideration, is the most picturesque of all farm-workers in New Zealand and no machinery has been evolved to take his place. The bushfeller is fast disappearing, but when 400,000 acres of forest were being felled every year for conversion into pastures (much of it inadvisedly on the hill sides, as the process is conducive to erosion and desiccation), followed by the surface sowing of 20 to 30 lb. per acre of grass seed, the bushfeller, felling the forest for 25 shillings an acre, was an important unit of rural labour. The contract shearer, shearing over 200 grown sheep per day, and the machine milker, milking 30 cows or more (both formerly aided by the internal combustion engine, which is now largely replaced by the electric motor, actuated by water-power) represent mass-production by specialised labour. The annual production of 150,000 tons of butter by 130 butter factories is another example of the same productive principle. Most New Zealand farmers own their holdings, but often subject to a mortgage held by the Government, a bank, or Stock-and-Station agents. Many of the latter are wealthy firms of wide experience, whose help in marketing wool and other land products is invaluable to the farming community. So-called 'Canterbury lamb' is not now confined to the Canterbury Province, some of the best of it being raised in Hawke's Bay and other parts of the North Island. This lamb is largely the product of crossing Romney Marsh ewes (which breed constitutes 80 per cent. of the sheep of the Dominion) with carefully selected Southdown rams, the carcass weight of which should not exceed 36 lb. On the uplands of the Southern Alps and particularly in North Canterbury most of the sheep are Merinos or Corriedales, the latter being in origin a cross between Merinos and either Lincolns or Leicesters. The value of both breeds lies in their wool rather than in their flesh. Up to seven years ago (when the first cargo of chilled beef, preserved in an atmosphere of carbon-dioxide, was shipped to England) grazing cattle have been relatively unimportant. With few exceptions they have been rough, large-limbed, slow-maturing animals, whose main economic function has been the removal of the roughage on the hill pastures in order to



improve their herbage for the sheep. Of the dairy cattle, 80 per cent. are Jerseys or a Jersey cross, the main reason being that milk is purchased on the basis only of its butter-fat content, without regard either to its liquid volume or its other solids. One drawback of this is the difficulty of obtaining full value for New Zealand cheese exports, owing to the relative unsuitability of Jersey milk for cheese-making. The highest quality cheese comes from Otago and Southland, where more Friesian and Ayrshire cattle are kept. The best pastures in New Zealand, composed almost entirely of English grasses and clovers, are excelled nowhere in the world and present a most striking contrast to those in Great Britain, which are seriously adulterated with worthless weeds and in many cases ill-drained or waterlogged. The history of New Zealand dairying reads like a fairy-tale. As a contribution to the export trade it only commenced in the present century, and has expanded with amazing rapidity during the last twenty years. In this branch of husbandry Great Britain compares most unfavourably with New Zealand. Although the price of good dairying land is relatively high—exceeding in some districts 50*l.* per acre—its carrying capacity, aided by the climate, makes it possible to produce butter, cheese, and pig-meat at a price with which no other country can compete. On many farms the climatic conditions and nutritious herbage make it possible to carry one cow to the acre all the year round. (The late Mr Jesse Collings' slogan of 'three acres and a cow' represented with fair accuracy the average carrying capacity of well-treated English pastures). It has been found that every farm crop grown in England can be grown equally well in New Zealand. The average yield of wheat is higher than that in Great Britain, as also that of roots. A crop of 150 tons of mangels per acre has been recorded on a Taranaki farm.

New Zealand is rich in valuable minerals, including those containing gold,\* silver and platinum, iron, copper, tin, manganese, tungsten, asbestos, and mercury, as well as coal (varying in grade from anthracite to lignite), sulphur, and petroleum. Of these, however, only coal, with an annual output of 2,250,000 tons, and gold, with

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\* Quartz-mined, alluvial, and dredged.

that of 600,000 ounces, represent any appreciable degree of present industrial exploitation. Some of the coal got in the Nelson Province of the South Island is so readily inflammable as to need nothing but lighted paper for its ignition.

It is possible that the tourist 'industry,' which is steadily developing, may prove eventually to be a source of greater wealth to the Dominion than any other. It is only in recent years that the unrivalled attractions of New Zealand have come to be realised by pleasure-seeking globe-trotters.

The intensification of husbandry, with a multiplication of small farms (largely dairying) on the relatively richer lands of the North Island, has materially altered the balance of population as between the two Islands. Whereas fifty years ago the North Island contained 40 per cent. of the inhabitants and the South Island 60 per cent., the figures are now the exact reverse, while at the beginning of this century they were approximately equal. In 1840 New Zealand's white population was about 3000 and its native population probably about 200,000. To-day the former are roughly a million and a half and stationary, and the latter 80,000 and increasing. The most conspicuous and successful of the many representatives of the British Crown since the days of Hobson was Sir George Grey, the pacificator of native unrest, who was Governor (after holding the same office in South Australia) from 1845 to 1853 and again (after five years Governorship of Cape Colony) from 1861 to 1868. The name of the Earl of Ranfurly, who held office from 1897 to 1904, is associated predominantly with the encouragement of out-door sport, of which the All-Black Rugby Football team, which first visited the United Kingdom in 1905, is the most conspicuous outcome, and that of Lord Plunket, who succeeded him, with infant welfare, stimulated by the discoveries of Sir Truby King. The Colony was raised to the status of a Dominion in 1907, and the representative of the Crown first designated Governor-General in 1917. The first British High Commissioner in New Zealand was appointed in 1938. For the first half-century the inclination of the electorate has been towards left-wing Liberalism, of which the most doughty and popular exponent was Mr. Richard Seddon, who was

Prime Minister from 1893 to 1906. A Labour Government assumed office for the first time in 1935 and for the second time three years later. An ambitious programme of social reform has been officially undertaken, based upon the Social Security Act, 1938. This provided, *inter alia*, for free medical service for all New Zealand nationals. One of the least successful Prime Ministers was the ex-Governor Sir George Grey, who held office for two years—from 1877 to 1879. New Zealand's most eminent scientists in recent years have included Lord Rutherford, the distinguished physicist, Sir Truby King (already referred to), the pioneer of the science of infant nutrition, and Dr Leonard Cockayne, the brilliant botanist and ecologist.

New Zealand can boast of several 'records,' as well as unique peculiarities. Her high average standard of education has been already mentioned. She has the lowest death rate, both for her general population and for children under two years of age, and the most equable climate, in the world. No country contains within the same space so great a variety of outstanding scenic attractiveness. She has in Mount Egmont the most beautiful mountain in the Empire, and the Franz Josef Glacier (only 400 feet above sea-level) yields to no other glacier in its loveliness. No Norwegian fjord can bear comparison with Milford Sound for majestic beauty, and no river in the world can surpass in grandeur the Wanganui, with its sylvan environment and its amazing mirages.

New Zealand possesses wild horses, wild cattle, wild sheep, wild pigs, and wild goats, but no wild mammals other than those which, or whose ancestors, were once domesticated. It has no snakes and no wasps. It possessed some centuries ago in the Moa, about twelve feet high (whose remains are found in many regions), the largest bird in the world, and still possesses several birds such as the Kiwi, the Weka, and the Kakapo which (like the Moa) cannot fly. Of its numerous forest trees (nearly all evergreen), 89 per cent. belong to New Zealand and its adjacent islands and are to be found in no other parts of the globe. In the Kauri it has the largest tree in the world, and in the 'Pygmy' the smallest pine. It has the world's largest lily in the Cabbage-Tree, and in the (errone-

ously called) 'Mountain Lily' its largest butter-cup. It has the tallest moss in the world and the largest sea-weed, which sometimes reaches 300 feet in length. It has in the Mahoe a violet which is a tree, and attains a height of thirty feet, and a forget-me-not with leaves as large as a rhubarb.

At the risk of challenge I would add that no country has finer women or a more spiritually minded or chivalrous native race. Erstwhile cannibalism may be placed to the discredit of the latter, but to their superstitious minds its moral turpitude was not apparent. It was deemed conducive alike to the *mana* (or prestige) and to the strength and prowess of a victorious chief to eat the flesh of his vanquished foe. Many Maoris of culture and good taste treat it even now as a subject provocative of humour rather than of shame. It is but a few years ago that a leading and much respected Maori statesman when proposing the toast of the evening at the annual banquet of a Scottish Society remarked: 'I too can claim to have Scottish blood in my veins, for my grandfather once made a good meal off a Presbyterian missionary.'

The Maoris, who constitute the most enterprising and warlike branch of the Polynesian race, are deemed to have made their first large-scale and systematic migration to New Zealand between A.D. 1350 and 1400, arriving there from Tahiti and other adjacent Pacific islands, in a succession of war-canoes (from 60 to 100 feet in length), the names, points of arrival, and occupants of which have been faithfully memorised and commemorated in poetry and song down to the present day. Unlike the Melanesians, they are a handsome people with melodious voices and a great sense of rhythm, which, coupled with natural gracefulness, makes their womenfolk attractive dancers. Their chief accomplishments, apart from singing and dancing, are flax-dressing, weaving, and wood-carving.

Among their most marked characteristics are their facile eloquence, their indomitable sense of humour, their pluck and their cheerfulness, even in adversity, strangely combined with fatalism. In the stricken area during the Hawke's Bay earthquake of 1931 (the most serious in the history of the Dominion) their calm helpfulness proved a valuable asset, while the severe economic tribulation seven or eight years ago found many in the poorest districts

subsisting on New Zealand bracken (*Pteris esculenta*) and sow-thistle, with a smile on their faces and a joke on their lips. One of the latter was perpetrated when at an official Maori welcome accorded to me at Gisborne (where Captain Cook first landed in 1769) a chief of the Ngati-porou tribe laughingly ridiculed the circular shape of British coins when, as he said, 'there is not enough money to go round.' When in 1934 the late Mita Taupopoki, the deeply respected Paramount Chief of the Arawas, was ill with pneumonia in his home near Rotorua, I went to see him after having learnt from his (British) doctor that his death was imminent, as he had abandoned all hope of recovery. I found him looking the picture of misery. He told me with a groan that he was going to die. I assured him that he certainly was not, as 'neither the good God nor the King could spare him from the wise leadership of his people.' A reluctant smile spread over his face. Before leaving him I promised him a bottle of port to drink the King's health. A fortnight later I received a telegram in the name of the tribe thanking me profoundly for 'saving the life of our beloved Chief,' who was now quite well again.

Of Maori leaders the most eminent in recent times has been Sir Maui Pomare who died in 1932. As physician and statesman he did much to improve the health of the native people and the hygiene and sanitation of their pas\* and whares.† Mr C. J. Goldie, a successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy, is the most successful of all the artists who have portrayed on canvas their features and their habits.

If there is an inherent weakness in the people of New Zealand it is their lack of a due sense of nationhood—a quality essential in a country belonging to the British 'Commonwealth of Nations.' This is due partly to the sectional nature of its initial settlement, partly to the disparity of sympathy and outlook in its early history as between the adherents of the Treaty of Waitangi and the Wakefield settlers and their respective descendants, and partly to the intense feeling of attachment to 'the Old Country,' which induces its inhabitants to look across the

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\* Native villages.

† Native huts.

broad oceans to Great Britain for their contacts and their occasional holidays (when these can be afforded) more than to other parts of their own territory. This much needed sense of nationhood was materially enhanced by the comradeship induced first by the Boer War and still more markedly by the so-called 'Great War' of 1914-18, in which no part of the Empire played a more conspicuous or more commendable part. But the consciousness of nationhood was still far from full realisation. This it was which induced the nationalisation in 1933, through the instrumentality of my wife and myself, of the Waitangi Estate, of 1300 acres, comprising as it does, inter alia, the Old British Residency (then in a half-ruined condition, but now restored under the guidance of two eminent New Zealand architects to its former condition and appearance) and the site, 80 yards in front of it, of the signing of the historic Treaty. Simultaneously, the Waitangi Trust was constituted and embodied in an Act of Parliament, its terms being so framed as to include for ever in the personnel of its Board of Trustees representatives of the Government, of the Maori race, of the Wakefield family, of the families of Archdeacon Henry Williams and James Busby, and of the inhabitants of the South Island. The corporate sense of nationhood has been thus appreciably strengthened and will have been further cemented by the great gathering of national rejoicing which took place *in loco* on the centennial anniversary of the Treaty on Feb. 6 last in the presence of the representatives of the King and of the United Kingdom Government, of *Pakehas* (Europeans) drawn from every part of the Dominion, and of several thousand Maoris belonging to their many scattered tribes.

Reverting to New Zealand's war record in 1914-18, it can be claimed for it that it was as unexpected as it was magnificent. New Zealand was under no legal obligation to help the Motherland. Within two months of the outbreak of war the main body of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, numbering 8500, left the country for Egypt—a number (based on population) equivalent to 400,000 troops from Great Britain. Before the war was over, and within eighty years of its birth, this gallant and loyal little country out of its total white population of 1,100,000 had sent overseas for war service more than

100,000 soldiers, of whom over 17,000 lost their lives. The Maoris also sent several hundreds of men to the war, and the Cook Islands (which, although 1600 miles away, are constitutionally a part of the Dominion) furnished a valuable contingent. Of this unparalleled contribution to the Imperial effort in the last war it has been well said in a recent publication: \* 'Springing from their tasks of peace, with little or no acquaintance with the business of war, these farmers, labourers, clerks, and shopmen became in skill, courage, and endurance a rock to their commanders and a terror to an enemy that had long been a nation in arms. Monuments to them have risen like a forest, but transcending all is the memory of their contribution to the common victory.' (Of all these war monuments none is more beautiful or more nobly situated than the War Memorial Museum at Auckland, with its impressive Hall of Memories. It has no rival within the Empire, except possibly that at Edinburgh.) The New Zealand troops at first helped to repel an attack on the Suez Canal. They participated in the landing at Gallipoli, where in company with the Australians they earned and made famous the name 'Anzac,' and they remained on the Peninsula to the end. They helped to protect the west frontier of Egypt from the Senussi. Reorganised as a separate division, the infantry was moved to France, and won distinction in the battle of the Somme in 1916, in the action of Messines in 1917, and in the same year in the desperate and costly operations in Flanders. In the final Allied advance they played a prominent part and were among the troops that marched into Germany. In the present war New Zealanders have not been slow to win outstanding fame both in the air and at sea, notably those serving in H.M.S. 'Achilles' in attacking the 'Graf Spee' at the mouth of the River Plate. Her soldiers have once more landed at Suez in fine fighting fettle, and will without doubt render a good account of themselves.

Earthquakes are of exceptional frequency in New Zealand, although only occasionally, as in 1848, 1855, 1929, and 1931, have they resulted in the destruction of life or property. Government statistics (but not human

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\* 'Maori and Pakeha,' by Messrs Shrimpton and Mulgan, published by Whitcombe and Tombs, New Zealand.



sensibility) disclose the fact that the average number of earthquakes as recorded by the seismograph and official observers over a period of ten years is 304, or six every week, the largest in any one year in recent times being 1187 in 1922, or an average of twenty-two every week ! It is doubtful whether any but the scientists were aware of any of the latter. New Zealand is noted for its geysers and hot springs, which are comparable with those of Yellowstone Park in the United States. The world lost its 'eighth wonder' when the lovely Pink and White Terraces on the shores of Lake Rotomahana were destroyed during the eruption of Mount Tarawera on June 10, 1886. New Zealand has had, like all new countries, its growing pains and its vicissitudes of fortune, but no country in the world has in a variety of ways been more favoured by nature and none more fortunate in its human equipment and (on the whole) by wise administrative and industrial skill during its hundred years of progressive development. Its designation by its former Prime Minister, Mr Richard Seddon, as 'God's Own Country' is fully justified.

BLEDISLOE.

## Art. 2.—TWO GENERATIONS AT WAR.

It is an interesting speculation whether that over-worked individual the historian of the future will be more impressed by the contrasts or by the similarity between the Four Years' War and the present conflict. To the veteran of 1914-18 who is serving again to-day the last twenty years may in retrospect well seem a mere armistice: he is fighting the same enemy, he has the same allies, and as likely as not he is in the same part of France as that in which he soldiered on the earlier occasion; there is more mechanisation, of course, but this process had already begun long before he last heard a shot fired in anger. On the other hand, to the civilian, especially if he be a Londoner, the present war bears little resemblance to its predecessor. He was probably separated from his wife and children at very short notice; his own business may well have been removed to the heart of the country with equal precipitancy; and the black-out combined with the shortage of petrol has thrown him back upon his own resources in the matter of recreation to an extent which before last September he would have considered impossible, and which was certainly not the case in the last war. It is, then, small wonder that different sections of the population should tend to adopt diametrically opposed views on the question of any resemblance between the two struggles.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the present war is the way in which it has given the lie to the prophets. For years it was confidently asserted that never again would there be war in Western Europe, and when the ambition of Herr Hitler falsified this prophecy the pundits were not slow to declare that the conflict would be precipitated without warning given, so that civilisation might well perish overnight in a hurricane of gas and incendiary bombs. In actual fact it would be difficult to find a precedent for a struggle of which the approach was more clearly heralded in advance, since it had been latent for many months before the first blows were struck. Indeed, there were not a few people in Great Britain and France who felt definitely relieved on Sept. 3 to know that the tension was over. Finally, we were told that there could be no repetition of the strategy

of twenty-five years ago, in as much as no British Government would dare to send a large army to fight on the mainland of Europe. Yet had anyone said in the early days of the Nazi regime that Great Britain would be given two years to make her preparations and then several months to put them into practice, he would have been laughed out of court.

Far from bursting upon the country in full intensity from the first moment, the war, from the military and aerial standpoint, came gradually, and only at sea has it been waged *à l'outrance* from the moment it was declared. Had it not been for the precautions necessitated by the new danger of attack from the air and by the restrictions upon the consumption of petrol, the ordinary citizen would during the first few months of the present conflict have been far less aware of its existence than he was of that of its predecessor. This has not been without its influence upon the public mind, which is perplexed at finding that events have not taken the turn that was so confidently predicted ; and which, by a natural reaction, is therefore all the more ready to hug any illusion that at any rate some things have turned out in the way which might have been expected. Because he had read of the acute differences between the soldiers and the politicians in the last war, the man in the street jumped to the conclusion that the departure of Mr Hore-Belisha from the War Office was due to some such dissensions, though it is only fair to say that he was encouraged in this belief by a certain section of the Press. To no small extent, of course, this tendency to search for parallels is due to the fact that so large a proportion of the population remembers the last war. Man has an instinctive dread of the unknown, and if the prophets fail him he falls back on precedent as a possible guide to the future ; when neither afford him any light, he becomes very puzzled indeed. That is what is happening in many circles in Britain to-day.

Nevertheless in other ways the coming of the war was felt quickly enough, and rarely can the face of England have changed as rapidly and completely as it did between August and October last year. For generations there had been a steady migration from the rural to the urban areas, and within a few days not only was this tendency reversed

but a veritable torrent poured in the opposite direction. The small towns and villages in the more remote districts, which had for generations seen their population steadily diminish, had the number of their inhabitants doubled or trebled as the evacuated, official and unofficial, arrived ; and not many weeks had passed before soldiers too came marching in. Accommodation became unobtainable and a wave of prosperity began to sweep the communities which expanded in this way, until it is no uncommon thing to find towns with a normal population of less than ten thousand where between seven and eight hundred pounds a week more is being spent than was the case before the war. Nor is this all, for many businesses have removed from the great cities, and this has brought a further influx of money into the places in which they have settled. If a man had gone to sleep at midsummer and having woken up at Christmas took a walk through the streets of any West Country town, for example, he would find it difficult to believe that he was living in the same country or century, and what applies to the West Country is equally applicable to many parts of the Midlands.

The provinces' gain has been the capital's loss, and London could put in a claim to be classed as a distressed area. No reliable figures have yet been produced as to the loss of trade caused by the war, but this must amount to a very considerable sum indeed. Mayfair, Belgravia, Chelsea, Kensington, and Hampstead have been depopulated since September, and they are the districts with the greatest spending power ; the trades which catered for their inhabitants have been ruined, as the empty shops abundantly testify. The cessation of entertaining has hit another important London industry very hard, for the black-out and the income tax have seriously affected the traditional English lavishness in the matter of hospitality. If it be objected that these are but luxury trades, then the answer is that all the same they employed many thousands of people and represent millions of invested capital. Those who for one reason or another must remain in London are already experiencing a sharp rise in the cost of living : the electricity companies are raising their charges in view of the abnormal circumstances in which they are called upon to operate and the rates are bound to go up too. Thus the vicious circle will soon be complete :

the fewer people there are in London the more those people will have to pay, and the more there is to pay the fewer the number of those who will stay to pay it. It is true that the last few weeks have witnessed a revival of restaurant and night life generally, due almost entirely to the presence of officers on leave, but this cannot have any real effect on the social and economic position of the capital.

This is a very different state of affairs from that which obtained during the Four Years' War. Then the difficulty was to find accommodation of any sort, and money flowed into London from all over the kingdom. Civil servants, far from being evacuated to Blackpool, were recruited from the provinces to staff the new government departments which came into being owing to the needs of the war or the whims of the politicians. Indeed, the period of the Four Years' War is one of the most important in the recent history of the capital, for the pressure lasted not only throughout the conflict but after its conclusion, partly owing to the short-lived boom, but chiefly owing to the continued presence of large numbers of demobilised officers and men who regarded London as the best centre from which to re-enter civil life. The capital, too, largely escaped the subsequent slump, and it did not begin to be visibly affected by the international situation until the Munich crisis. Now it looks as if all that London gained by one war, and a good deal more besides, she is going to lose by another. It may be that her citizens will flock back once peace is restored, but that depends on many factors, of which taxation is certainly not the least important, upon which it is at present useless to speculate. In the interval, which may be no brief one, London seems likely to experience a period of very definite hardship and adversity.

There is also another factor which is having an increasingly important influence on the life of the community in town and country alike, and that is the rationing of petrol. In London and the larger centres of population where there are alternative modes of transport to the private car the effect is not so great, but in the rural areas the clock has been put back a generation, and that at a moment when they have far more than their normal population. Twenty miles before last September is a

hundred to-day, and rural communities are being forced to rely upon themselves to an extent which would have seemed incredible a few months ago. Many advantages will doubtless accrue from this with the passage of time, but in the meanwhile the roadside garage, the isolated inn, and the cottage that sold teas are suffering severely. In the Four Years' War private motoring was even more drastically affected, but then it was anyhow in its infancy and the ancillary industries were not yet developed. Furthermore, horses were still very common, so that the restrictions upon motoring did not make themselves so severely felt. Driving a car along country lanes in the black-out while observing the strictest economy in the matter of petrol is calculated to deter all save the boldest from the performance of social obligations.

Another contrast with the last war in the habits of the civilian population is the reliance upon broadcasting, which would appear to be due partly to a desire to hear the latest news, but also to the need for something to do in the evenings during the black-out. Here again the prophets were in error, for it was generally assumed that the wireless would be useless owing to enemy interference. It is too early yet to assess its effect upon the morale of the country, but it would certainly appear to have rendered easier the task of Ministers: in the Four Years' War they were compelled to address numerous meetings in all districts, whereas now an occasional visit to the microphone serves their purpose. Whether the ordinary citizen is impressed by and remembers what he hears as much as what he reads is another matter upon which there is not sufficient evidence to base an opinion. It is said that there will be more reading of books in this war than there was in its predecessor, and certainly there are indications that this may well be the case, but again it is too early to speak with any assurance. What is clear is that where families are still under the same roof they are, by inclination or necessity, spending more time together than has of late been customary, but it is absurd to speak of a return to family life in view of the evacuation which has separated husbands from wives and parents from children in all classes of the community, and in innumerable cases has introduced strangers into the household.

The rapid adjustment of the civil population to the

demands of the soldiery in their midst has demonstrated once again that the Anglo-Saxon race is military, not militaristic. Widespread billeting of officers and men, the commandeering of village halls and other public buildings, and countless encroachments upon private property have resulted in surprisingly little friction, and this is at once a tribute to the tact of the military authorities and to the common sense of the civilian. It is often stated that the army of to-day differs not at all from that of twenty-five years ago, and in many respects this is true: the modern soldier sings 'Tipperary' with just as much zest as he declares his intention of displaying his laundry on the Siegfried Line, and his attitude towards Herr Hitler is very much that of his father towards the Kaiser. Nevertheless the vast majority of the men serving in the armies which are now being raised are civilians in uniform, and their standard of comfort has risen in a quarter of a century. The men who had served in South Africa were sometimes inclined to decry what they described as the excessive pampering of the soldiers of the Four Years' War, and the latter, in their turn, are occasionally heard making the same criticism of those who are engaged in the fight against Nazism. The fact is that the luxuries of one generation are the necessities of the next. It is well that the responsible authorities realise the true position, and the result is that Great Britain can rarely have raised an armed force in which there was so little grumbling and crime.

There has been much talk of late about the democratisation of the army, and there is obviously more fraternising between officers and men than was the case in the last war, but this is surely due rather to a general change in social behaviour than to official policy. The years between the two conflicts witnessed a definite modification of class distinctions, and officers and men, even where they come from different walks of life, have now more in common than merely an interest in sport. The introduction of conscription is bound to accelerate this process, but, even so, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the standard will continue to be set rather by the conditions obtaining in civil life than by the dictates of the War Office. It is, indeed, fortunate that the level of intelligence has risen, for it would otherwise not have been easy to instil soldierly



ideas into the recruit: in old days there was all the pageantry of war—not to mention the prospect of loot—to raise his spirits and to rouse his pride, but modern warfare is a drab and dreary affair, and no troops can ever have gone to the defence of their country more unbecomingly attired than the British soldier of to-day in his battle-dress. It used to be said that a smart uniform was essential to the maintenance of Mr Atkins' self-respect, so it is lucky that this virtue can now be encouraged by other than such material means.

So far it has been, at any rate on the side of the Allies, a war without heroes except at sea. To some extent the same was true in the earlier days of the last war, but even then Lord Kitchener captured the imagination of his fellow-countrymen to a degree which no modern leader has yet equalled, for not even the most fervent admirer of the late Secretary of State for War has been heard to refer to 'Belisha's Army.' Of the politicians Mr Chamberlain probably enjoys wider popularity than did Mr Asquith, though Sir Edward Grey was more generally appreciated than is Lord Halifax, if only because he had been longer at the Foreign Office, while Mr Lloyd George at the Treasury aroused both greater enthusiasm and greater resentment than does Sir John Simon. Mr Winston Churchill in the same office is regarded by the country with much the same feelings as twenty-five years ago. The rest of the Cabinet, then as now, were looked upon as colourless, but one can hardly be accused of excessive party bias if one suggests that the Opposition then was more distinguished than the Opposition now. On neither occasion was there a Pitt to dominate the scene. Partisan feeling, which had been at fever-heat during the Irish crisis in the summer of 1914, took some weeks to die down at the beginning of the Four Years' War; the conflict had come suddenly, and until it began few had given any thought to the international situation. In 1939 the division had long since ceased to be along orthodox party lines; foreign affairs had for twelve months been the pre-occupation of the electorate, and the prevailing question was not, Is war possible? but, When will it come?

Those in command on sea, land, and in the air were generally unknown when the conflict began, and there was no figure comparable with Lord Fisher, while the

public was probably better acquainted with Sir John French in August 1914, on account of the part he played in the relief of Kimberley, than with Lord Gort in September 1939. Perhaps this is all to the good, for when a nation goes to war with generals who are household words it is apt to expect too much of them, and so to be the more disappointed when immediate victory does not crown their efforts. It is too often forgotten that the most successful commanders usually emerge during the course of a conflict, and are rarely recognisable at its commencement. Nelson and Wellington were unknown outside very narrow naval and military circles at the beginning of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, while Cromwell was a plain country gentleman when Charles I raised his standard at Nottingham.

As for the constitution and the established order as a whole, it was almost certainly held in greater respect in 1939 than in 1914, and there were several reasons for this. In the first place they had been on the earlier occasion, up to the very outbreak of hostilities, the centre of a most violent controversy in which a resort to arms had become by no means improbable. Responsible citizens had openly stated that they were by no means opposed to the use of force, and their words had not been wholly without effect. One prominent Irish Unionist actually declared that if Ulster was forced under a Dublin Parliament 'he would infinitely prefer to change his allegiance right over to the Emperor of Germany, or anyone else who had got a proper and stable Government.' Violence on the Right was at least matched by violence on the Left, and strikes, often accompanied by rioting and not infrequently by bloodshed, were everywhere the order of the day, while the suffragettes were deliberately bringing all authority into contempt and ridicule. Indeed, contemporaries might well be pardoned for thinking that the whole structure of society in Great Britain was in a state of progressive dissolution between the death of King Edward VII and the outbreak of the Four Years' War, and the Germans did take such a view. It was one of the least satisfactory periods in recent British history.

There was nothing of this sort in the years preceding the present struggle, for the progress of events on the mainland of Europe had impressed upon all save the most

factionous that the choice was between hanging together and hanging separately. Moreover, as the true nature of the Nazi menace came to be realised there was an appreciation of the fact that what was at stake was the whole British way of living, and men naturally showed no disposition to criticise what they were determined to defend with their lives. In 1914 there were not a few Conservatives who entertained a great admiration for the German method of government (though that made them no less ready to answer the call when it came), but those who are partial to the Nazi regime now must be a mere handful. The fight to-day is not only between two countries but also between two political, social, and economic systems, which was not the case twenty-five years ago. The fact, too, that those who wish to overthrow the existing order, namely the Fascists and Communists, avowedly seek inspiration from enemy countries has had not a little to do with securing support for what they are working to destroy. In short, the changed conditions on the home front saw the average Englishman go to war in September 1939 in a more contented frame of mind than in August 1914.

At the same time there are indications that this state of affairs may not continue indefinitely if the House of Commons gets out of touch with the country, which may easily be the case. It is true that there was an electoral truce in the Four Years' War, as there is now, but the necessity of addressing recruiting meetings kept Members of Parliament in close contact with their constituents. This is not the case to-day, and there must be many M.P.s. who have not opened their mouths in their respective constituencies since the war began. Such a development is attended by many dangers, quite apart from the fact that the system of Parliamentary Government which the country is fighting to defend does not connote government by Parliament but by the people through Parliament. The electoral truce between the three parties has many advantages, but it is subject to the drawback that it prevents any expression of opinion on the part of the electorate otherwise than through the Press, which thus incurs an added responsibility. The appearance of independent candidates of varying views at recent by-elections may be regarded with disfavour by those who

had counted upon an unopposed return, but there is much to be said for it from a constitutional standpoint.

When one passes from what the country is doing to a consideration of what it is thinking it is not so easy to assess the parallel or the contrast with the Four Years' War. In the first place the public attitude changed then as the conflict proceeded just as it is changing now, and in the second it is only in retrospect that full knowledge of the state of public opinion in those days has become available, for the fog of war is a very real obstacle to the seeker after truth, who is likely to find his efforts sternly discouraged. In 1914, too, all eyes were riveted on the progress of events on the battlefields of Europe within a few weeks of the outbreak of war, whereas in 1939, once Poland had been overwhelmed, no fighting of importance took place on land until the invasion of Finland, in which Great Britain was not officially concerned. In 1914 the war came unexpectedly, but soon reached its full intensity; in 1939 it seemed to have come inevitably, but in Western Europe there was then an unlooked-for lull, and as has been said in another connection, this has not been without its effect upon the public mind, since it has given time for reflection.

There is, it would seem, a slightly different attitude towards the enemy which is somewhat difficult to define. On the whole the civilian is more bellicose than the soldier, but that is the case in all wars, and never was the distinction more pronounced than between 1914 and 1918. On the present occasion there is a widespread feeling that up to a point Germany was right, and that had she been governed by someone other than Herr Hitler a clash might have been avoided. This attitude is summed up in the statement that the Allies are fighting the Nazis, not the German people—a standpoint which, incidentally, was more popular in September and October last than it is to-day. In 1914 there seemed no reason at all for Germany to have resorted to arms. She was unquestionably the first military Power in the world, she was rich and contented, and she was rapidly gaining her neighbours' trade: moreover, the war was clearly popular in the Reich, and if the Allied propagandists tried to create the contrary impression they failed miserably. The Kaiser might be held up to odium, but he was regarded as typical,

not exceptional. Such being the case, there was no tendency to differentiate between Germany and her rulers : that came later, and not in the most creditable of circumstances.

On the whole, the war has so far been regarded dispassionately by the British people, and there has been little of that hatred of Germany and all things German which characterised a large section of the community in the last war. In the spring of 1917 the then Archbishop of Canterbury told how he was receiving letters urging him to see to it that reprisals swift, bloody, and unrelenting took place. 'Let gutters run with German blood ; let us smash to pulp the German old men, women and children'—such were the sentiments expressed by his correspondents. In the Press it was no uncommon thing to read such statements as that 'the Huns—vicious in victory, cowards in defeat—deserve no more consideration than a mad dog or a venomous snake.' Views of this nature are rare to-day, but they were rare in the early stages of the Four Years' War, for the Englishman is a bad hater and takes a good deal of rousing. If the Germans refrain from the methods of warfare which sullied their reputation twenty-five years ago then there will be no bitterness against them in Britain, but if they deliberately and of set purpose revert to their former malpractices they will excite such an animosity against them as will have no inconsiderable influence upon the terms of the peace settlement. There is at present a universal determination to call the Nazi leaders to stern account for their crimes against humanity, but the mass of the German people are regarded as deluded fools rather than as knaves : once, however, let a campaign of atrocities be commenced and the natural conclusion will be drawn that the German is a habitual criminal—with consequences that may affect the future of mankind for several generations.

In no respect, perhaps, is there a more marked contrast between the present war and its predecessor than in the public attitude towards France. In 1914 she had been an ally for ten years after being an enemy for three hundred, and Anglo-French co-operation was a novelty which was not very well understood, whereas to-day it is taken for granted. There is already much discussion as

to the extent to which it can be continued and extended after the war, and even those who regard the views of the Federal Unionists as Utopian are prepared to advocate freer trade between the two Allied Powers. No longer does one hear the view expressed that the Anglo-French understanding is but another example of the truth of the old adage that adversity makes strange bedfellows, and that once the German menace is removed Great Britain and France will become rivals as of yore : rather is there realisation of the fact that the only hope for Western civilisation lies in the closest co-operation between London and Paris in peace as in war. Nor is there that belittlement of the French fighting forces which was by no means uncommon a quarter of a century ago, until it was silenced by the defence of Verdun. It would, of course, be idle to pretend that there are not rocks ahead, but it is a good omen for the future that on both sides of the Channel there is a growing appreciation of the fact that a difference in outlook and customs does not necessarily connote moral turpitude.

There is probably more discussion of war aims and peace terms to-day than there was during the first six months of the Four Years' War. The public is undoubtedly better informed concerning and more interested in international questions than it was then, as the popularity of books and lectures on those problems abundantly proves. If a man or an organisation had hired a hall in the summer of 1914 for an address on foreign affairs the chances are that it would have been practically empty ; had the purpose of the meeting been to consider the ending or mending of the House of Lords or the state of Ireland the building would have been crammed to the doors. In the summer of 1939 the position would have been reversed. Another reason for the discussion of war aims and peace terms is that the circumstances of the present conflict have necessitated the mobilisation of large numbers of men and women in A.R.P., A.F.S., and other services of a like nature who, through no fault of their own, have little to do except sit about and discuss why they are there at all. Such being the case, it says much for the common sense and sturdy patriotism of the British people, as well as for the maladroit diplomacy of Herr von Ribbentrop, that there should be so little

defeatism. There may be differences of opinion with regard to peace terms, but, outside the ranks of the Communists and Fascists, there is none as to war aims, which are clearly understood to mean the military defeat of Germany and the overthrow of the Nazi regime.

Up to the present, too, there has been an encouraging absence of slogans and catchwords. No one has yet told the country that this is a war to end war or that it is fighting to make the world safe for democracy, while Mr Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are hardly the men to promise a land fit for heroes to live in when the last shot has been fired. This generation is more realistic than the last and it hugs no illusion that war can ever be a short cut to Utopia. All this is not to say that more might not have been done by the Government to touch the heart of the people, but an ability to appeal to mass psychology is not among the many gifts which Mr Neville Chamberlain has inherited from his father: he can state a problem as it appears to him, but not as it appeals to the average man, which is the secret of successful propaganda, and though he has the respect of the country he has not yet roused its devotion. Perhaps it is just as well that this should be the case, for it will prevent a repetition of the disillusionment of twenty-five years ago. The Englishman who has now taken up arms hopes that the disappearance of Nazism will mean a happier world, and anyhow there was no alternative save war or eternal dishonour; but he is far from believing that victory will automatically produce the Heaven upon earth which the fervid oratory of Mr Lloyd George led his father to expect.

Never has Government, on the administrative side, had a more docile people with which to deal than has the present Administration since September last. Restriction has been piled upon restriction to an extent and with a rapidity for which there is no parallel in British history since the time of Cromwell, and yet all have been accepted with hardly a murmur. Official interference with the life of the individual citizen has been practised to a degree that was unknown in the Four Years' War, or which was only possible after the most careful preparation of the public mind. Even outstanding blunders, which might have been expected to force the resignation of a Minister, have been condoned. On the other hand, there are



certain under-currents of criticism in matters of general policy which those in authority would do well to take into account. The excessive secrecy concerning unimportant details is a case in point. No doubt there was far too much idle chatter in the last war concerning the position and movement of troops, and the development of aerial warfare has imposed the need for greater reticence than used to be necessary; but secretiveness, which is a very different thing from secrecy, has now become the order of the day in every Government Department, and from there the contagion has spread down to the very rural district councils, until in the most remote hamlet the official right hand is not allowed to know what the official left hand is doing. The result is often needless overlapping and confusion, which are causing a growing discontent, and it is becoming a common joke that the only people who really know what is going on in England are the Germans.

Already the question is being asked what will be the effect of the war upon the political and social life of the country, but it is too early for any detailed reply. Between 1914 and 1918 it was confidently asserted that the conclusion of peace would be followed by sweeping changes in the political system and that the old parties would not survive. In actual fact all that happened was that Labour took the place of Liberalism, a development which Mr Balfour had foreseen as long ago as 1906, and Conservatism attracted further Liberal recruits, but they were only the rearguard of that army whose van had been led by Mr Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Hartington in the eighties. It is true that during the past twenty years coalition administrations have been the order of the day, but that is no novel departure, for the same was the case at various periods of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In these circumstances prophecy concerning political developments after the war is dangerous, for much will depend upon how long the struggle lasts and what measure of agreement there is between orthodox Conservatism and Labour with regard to the peace settlement.

Of the possible social effects of the war it is possible to speak with more assurance, for it is difficult to see how these can fail to complete the peaceful revolution which was initiated twenty-five years ago. It is not that a Red Government, pledged to confiscate private property, is in

the least likely to be found in office, but rather that the cost of the war will necessitate taxation on a scale that will by itself bring about widespread changes. Only a very few will any longer be able to afford a house in London and one in the country; the county family will either disappear or will have to adjust its standards to the new conditions, as has been the case in Eire; and 'the stately homes of England' are likely to go the way of the monasteries which they succeeded and on whose sites many of them stand. In London and the larger towns life must surely be simpler than it has been for several generations. These developments are bound to cause much distress not only to the classes immediately affected but to the industries which have grown up to minister to their needs, and the period of transition will not be pleasant. Yet it is to be doubted whether the disadvantages will wholly outweigh the advantages. A century ago such a transformation of society would have been a national disaster of the first magnitude, but culture is now more widely spread and is not likely to be entirely the loser by such changes as may well ensue. In effect, the England of to-morrow, with wealth more evenly spread, may well resemble that of Charles I rather than that of Victoria. The political system would appear to stand a greater chance of being modified by this social revolution than by the actual war itself.

The generation which fought the Four Years' War had no experience to guide it as to what lay ahead when the victory was won, and so it was justified in its illusions. Its successor is realistic to the core. To talk to the men in training is to realise how grimly in earnest they are to finish with Nazism once and for all, but also to be impressed with their anxiety. Yet at the back of their minds is the same desire as animated those who fought between 1914 and 1918, namely that the world should be a better place not only for Englishmen but for the whole human race as a result of their efforts. Theirs is no narrow patriotism of the Nazi brand, and it is for this reason that their cause is ennobled by their attitude towards it. *Nihil honestum esse potest, quod justitia vacat* wrote Cicero in that great work his 'Offices,' as our ancestors termed it, and in defence of this principle the present generation is following the path trodden by its predecessor.

CHARLES PETRIE.

### Art. 3.—BIRD MIGRATION.

THE stage has been reached where one need no longer regard bird migration as largely a mysterious sequence of nature's 'secrets,' and a pursuing of bird studies along modern lines, which have proved so very productive in these matters, is long overdue in those quarters adhering most fondly to a love and interest in birdlife. Not only the more spectacular ringing of birds in the nest and the use of trapping stations as bird observatories around the coasts, but an improved skill and technique in field studies, organised and persistent bird-watching at the more favoured bird haunts, and phenology, with its co-operation between the science of meteorology and the age-old passion for recording the coming of spring birds, have each opened the door to wider fields of discovery. The enthusiasm with which countless bird-watchers record the coming of the swallow and cuckoo each spring, often with childish rivalry for the honour of reporting the first date in their parish, is of no more interest than a seasonal curiosity; all the tiresome catalogues of bird dates in our nature magazines shed not the slightest scrap of new knowledge upon bird migration unless the reporting is done in abundance by regular and careful watchers over a whole area, so that the waves or movements of migrating birds can be mapped out to show the routes they favour and the encouragement or discouragement they receive from the winds and the temperature. This has been attempted in only one or two localities and on a national scale only by the pioneer efforts of the Royal Meteorological Society; but the paucity of observers, the bulk of whose records are made at week-ends, with no allowance for bird movements at other times of the week, and the large number of inexperienced if enthusiastic recorders of birds they cannot properly identify make one almost despair of efforts to organise a hobby into a science that will contribute some new knowledge.

Nevertheless, when one steps out of the rut of tradition and pursues one's bird-watching and encourages one's friends upon lines far removed from the gleeful heralding of stray cuckoos and wheatears, more of the so-called mysteries of bird migration become explicable and more can be anticipated from these new studies. For some

time I have made a special study of the migrations of wild duck in the north-west of our country, from the coming of the pochard and tufted duck in August, followed by teal, shoveller, and scoter in September, mergansers in October, wigeon, scaup, and goldeneye in November, the great immigrations of mallard from north Europe in December, to the appearance of a few young smews in January. One of its most noticeable features has been the earlier arrival of drakes compared with the ducks, reminding one of the precedence of cock birds among spring migrants. However, the reason cannot be the same, for cock wheatears, willow-warblers, and redstarts are said to arrive early in order to find and occupy nesting sites, which they can advertise to the females of their choice, who follow them. When the main passage of scoter (the common black sea-duck) takes place down our coasts early in October, I have estimated fifty thousand of these sea-duck in Liverpool Bay, with a further ten thousand down the Formby Channel; and more than three-quarters of these early flocks are drakes. Toward the end of October, when tufted duck, pochard, and wigeon appear in great numbers on Knowsley Park lake, the bulk of these arrivals are male birds, for the bulk of the females seem to arrive later, in November. Moonlight obviously has an encouraging effect upon bird migration. A rise in temperature and a full moon usually sees the bulk of the swifts migrate in August, while many woodcock come into our coverts with the November moon. When searchlight practice was conducted during the blackout much of the light was reflected from the low-lying clouds, with a moonlight effect, and there was a noticeable increase in the movements of curlews and other nocturnal birds, which had slackened over the city when its great glare in the night was no longer an attraction from afar.

A considerable amount of minor bird movement goes by unnoticed along our coasts or inside our cities, unless one takes regular bird-counts over certain haunts, day by day if possible, and then compares the proportion of bird numbers. The down-coast movements of dunlin and redshank and the increase of wild duck on the fresh water is thus shown to be a fairly frequent event preceding hard weather, for these birds have been forced by the severe

weather to quit localities further north. One year I devoted to a daily census of all the birds in a sheltered little sanctuary in Liverpool, and it was particularly interesting to observe the homeward migration of the Continental starlings which had wintered in the sanctuary, as so many of these winter-visitors inhabit our towns. The starling population showed its first falling off in numbers in the second week of March, the temperature having steadily increased since the last week of February and the wind had changed from E.S.E. to W.S.W. after frequently blowing from N.N.W. and W.N.W. in the previous weeks. The barometer was steady at that time, and humidity was slightly lower than what the birds had been used to. The effect upon the starlings at that time was very marked. Their numbers fell by nearly half their former total; a week later it was down to less than a third of the original total and at the end of the month it was less than a quarter. By April 4 there were less than a sixth of the winter average of starlings, and this number was roughly the nesting population of the sanctuary.

Yet at that time our city bird-lovers were purchasing expensive tickets to the much boosted beauty-spots in the hopes of seeing the first swallow or wheatear. In hard winter weather it is the search for water rather than food which causes the influx of redwings into St James's Park in London and of numerous birds into our town gardens; and despite the pleadings for poor robin out in the cold, it is generally quite able to withstand the hard weather. Indeed, we have never found a bird that had died from exposure to the cold, although one has opened many a starved bird and found its crop distended with all manner of ingredients it had sampled in its hunger. This same search for open water sends flocks of lapwings and other birds from the inland fields down to the tidal marshes along the coasts and at the estuaries, and it is probably an instinctive basis for the great winter migration of many birds from the severe conditions of northern Europe to the milder weather of the British Isles: also the annual migration of so many of our north-country thrushes, woodcock, lapwings, curlew, redshank, and snipe across the Irish Sea to the milder winters in Hibernia. Indeed, in hard winter weather large flocks

of lapwings may be noted making a westerly migration over north-west England and across the Irish Sea. Bird-ringing as well as field studies have altered some of our traditional views and shown that there is much more winter movement amongst our larks, chaffinches, robins, and certain other birds than was generally assumed. Relays of watching at our sewage farms have clearly shown us how regular are the migrations through Britain of many waders no longer nesting with us, like the ruff, the black-tailed godwit, which towers above the common redshanks and dunlins on its lanky legs, the big noisy, hoary-grey greenshanks, the green sandpipers, which look more black and white on the wing than anything else, the wood-sandpipers, the spotted redshank, stints, and curlew-sandpipers. These birds were always regarded as national rarities in the days when ornithology was studied with a gun and the peak of its ambitions the compiling of catalogues of isolated 'records' of shot birds in the natural history journals and a namesake collection of corpses in the local museum. In recent years one has watched these rare waders with comparative ease by the settling-pools and mud-pans on the sewage farms at Sinderland in Cheshire, at Slough, Edmonton, Liverpool, and elsewhere. Possibly much of our new knowledge of bird migration is due to a better knowledge of the favoured haunts of birds. There are certainly more watchers than ever before frequenting such productive haunts at the reservoirs at Staines, Tring, the Frensham Ponds, Bellfields in Staffordshire, Bittell in Worcestershire, the Barrow-Gurney reservoirs in the west country, the Pennine reservoirs, the Cheshire meres, and the coastal points like the Spurn, the Isle of May, Skokholm, Scolt Head, Blakeney, and Hilbre. Bird sanctuaries have contributed surprisingly little of our new knowledge of bird migration, with the exception of some Norfolk haunts, largely because these are mainly nesting centres and our birdlife is still short of estuaries, islands, and inland lakes and reservoirs where they will not be disturbed during the shooting season.

The ringing of young birds in the nest and the harmless trapping of adult birds in gardens or at the larger bird 'observatories' has added considerably to our knowledge of bird migration. Its first great discovery was that the

bulk of our British swallows migrate to Africa *via* the west of France and Spain, whereas the bulk of the swallows from Germany and central Europe take a route over the Alps and through Italy. Storks nesting east and west of the Elbe use the opposite ends of the Mediterranean to reach their South African winter quarters; and whereas most of our common terns winter in South Africa, especially Natal, the bulk of our larger Sandwich terns winter in West Africa. This shorter journey of the Sandwich terns no doubt explains their earlier arrival in Britain in spring, and the earliness of the wheatear and ring-ouzel in comparison with the arrival of our other summer visitors is probably because of their wintering in North Africa in place of South Africa. Ringing has shown the importance and regularity of a winter migration of many British gannets, lesser black-backed gulls, cormorants, lapwings, thrushes, and pipits to the Iberian peninsula, and in the case of the sea birds, so far as Gibraltar and the north-west coast of Africa. It has proved the influx of golden plover and tufted duck from Iceland and the Faroes, whereas most of our winter curlew and other wild duck come from northern Europe. The odd early records of cuckoos and wood-warblers migrating from England and Ireland through Italy were never substantiated by any really heavy movement of British birds that way; but in more recent years there has been shown to be a decided winter movement of Scottish gannets and razorbills to fish the waters off Norway and the Lofoton Islands, and a wandering of kittiwakes from the Farnes across the North Atlantic. The traditional return of the swallow to nest again in the same vicinity in many succeeding years has been proved an equally strong habit with many other birds, notably the turtle-doves, while equally interesting has been the proof that winter visiting starlings from the Baltic countries will visit the same parts of England in succeeding winters. Every winter since 1928 a white oyster-catcher has been amongst the flocks of thousands of these pied birds of the seashore in the Dee Estuary around Hilbre Island, and as white oyster-catchers are by no means frequently seen, the regularity of its coming to feed in the same estuary each winter was a field-observation to substantiate the findings of bird-ringers.



For it was not until this last winter that we had any suggestion of two white oyster-catchers visiting the estuary, and there are now a bird with a yellow bill and another with a red bill. The new studies of bird migration have clearly shown that a few summer visitors may remain for the winter in England. This does not include the young swallows and cuckoos of the year that have been found starved and dead in December and sent to the museums, but the careful watching through the winter to the spring of blackcap warblers and chiffchaffs in the mild regions of Devon and Malvern and at least one instance of a chiffchaff wintering recently on the edge of Manchester and another of a cornrake in East Cheshire.

The starling has been studied to a considerable degree with the thousands of ringed specimens recovered in this country where the bulk of our winter visitors are from the Baltic countries. Young starlings ringed in North Europe, recovered in this country in winter, and released again have been recovered once more at the same place where they originally nested, although this cannot describe the return of all the birds, for it is generally the adult birds that return to their previous nesting localities and the young of the year tend to disperse over a wider area, as if it were nature's method to avoid overcrowding. English robins have been found wintering in France, but the emigration is only a very slight one. However, migrant robins have appeared on Skokholm Island off the south Wales coast in autumn and large numbers of Continental robins have been observed arriving off the Norfolk coast in cold winter weather. Blackbirds as well as song-thrushes cross the North Sea in numbers each winter for Britain, and although the earlier years of ringing suggested that our chaffinches did not emigrate, we have received winter visitors from Belgium, Sweden, Holland, Norway, and other Continental countries. German rooks have been found wintering in the south and east of England. Considerable numbers of Baltic wood-pigeons winter in the British Isles, but only a minority of our native birds migrate southwards to France. Mild weather in the winter will produce a considerably larger proportion of wood-pigeons on our north country farms (with corresponding damage, for these birds are serious agricultural pests) than on the

southern farms of Kent and elsewhere, but this is quickly altered in very hard spells of weather.

Many of our linnets and pied wagtails, although not usually associated with the migrants, winter in France and Spain, and their movements northwards in March before the coming of the traditional herald of spring—the wheatear—can be observed by any painstaking bird-observer. However, it is in the movements of our winter visitors rather than those of the better-known summer birds where lies the greatest scope for discovery. It is only comparatively recently that nature-lovers, particularly the bird-lovers, whether popular or in their amateur scientific societies, have discovered the value of continuing their spring-time observations out of the nesting-season into the days of autumn migration along the seashore and sewage farm, and winter at the reservoirs. Our brambling visitors have been traced from Belgium and Yugo-Slavia, the siskin to come from Silesia, dunlin from Norway and Sweden, redwings to come and go *via* Italy or Denmark, the fieldfares from Lapland and Norway, grey lag geese, pintail, gadwall, and scaup duck from Iceland, and the goosander and little gull from Sweden. Herons come from Norway and Sweden to North Britain, while birds from our southern heronries may wander across the Channel into France and Belgium. Shovellers visit us from Holland and Denmark, wigeon and pintail from Russia, Holland, and the Baltic countries, although a wigeon caught and marked in the Midlands was later recovered in Russia, near the Caspian Sea. Water-rail, chaffinch, and guillemot caught and marked on migration at the German bird observatory on Heligoland, probably as travellers from the Baltic countries, have later been released and then found in Britain, whence they had continued their migrations. Continental coot have also been found to visit south-east England for the winter, and there have been odd recoveries of ringed birds that have proved of special interest to us. These include a Shetland great skua which visited Spain on its migration southward, a bar-tailed godwit ringed on migration in Norway and later found in Lincolnshire, a Dutch sparrowhawk wintering in Staffordshire, a red-breasted merganser from Iceland wintering in Ross, peregrine falcons from Norway and Sweden recovered in

southern England, a German hooded or grey crow in Perthshire, and a Wiltshire hobby falcon in France.

Few of our native mallard or common wild duck and teal, the smallest of our common wildfowl, appear to migrate southwards to the Continent, but a number of our sheld duck and other wildfowl have been caught in the continental duck decoys, which take such heavy toll of waterfowl. The first suggestion of any considerable migration of our short-eared owls was when a Norfolk specimen was recovered in Malta. The recovery of a Norfolk ringed plover in France was another indication of a movement suspected as almost certain to take place. Nevertheless, it should not be assumed that the enormous increase in bird-ringing as a means of migration study has in any way lessened the scope of ordinary field observation. This is far from the case, and the increasing skill devotees are showing to the minor differences of plumages in birdlife has already borne fruit. Observations in the north-west, and probably elsewhere, reveal paler, smaller thrushes of the Hebridean and Continental races amongst our familiar winter birds, particularly during hard weather, while in spring the migration of the larger, slightly better-coloured Greenland wheatear, which follows a little later than that of the common wheatear, has been the result of observation in the field. So has our new knowledge of the migrations of white wagtails and blue-headed yellow wagtails through our countryside. It was due to keen and persistent field studies that the winter movements of spotted woodpeckers in the north were disclosed, and the marked immigration of jays from the Continent was noticed the other autumn. Recent knowledge of the immigrations or migration waves of little stints, Bewick's swans, waxwings, crossbills, and siskins has been disclosed solely because of the large number of observers able to cover a fairly large proportion of the countryside in place of the casual recording under the old style of ornithology, when a rare bird shot in one parish may have been part of an influx of such uncommon birds, the rest of which were overlooked for the want of competent observers afield. The fondness of migrating birds for their traditional land-marks has been seen over and over again, and the reluctance of seabirds to take short cuts overland has necessitated their lengthy detours

around peninsulas, particularly noticeable with the flight lines of gannets to their fishing grounds in North Scotland and the manner in which spring migrants travel northwards up the Norfolk coast and then southwards for a short distance past Hunstanton in their journey around the margin of the Wash before continuing up the Lincolnshire coast.

The phenological studies systematically recorded for over fifty years have shown how much earlier the spring birds arrive in south Wales, southern Ireland, and south-west England than in the rest of Britain, how they are earlier on the west than the east, on the north-west coast than in the Midlands, earlier in western Scotland than in north-east England, and how early migrants may be delayed by cold nights and an adverse N.E. wind until their dates of arrival are later than usual. After early waves of migrants in March, the new-comers are generally few in the first week of April, and then early appearances are noted until the end of the month. In most instances of regular day-by-day watching, the first migrants to arrive are more often seen than heard, for their journey has tired them and they are resting in their favoured haunts or searching for insect food to recuperate themselves, rather than indulging in song. I have noticed this with March willow-warblers and early April cuckoos, as well as a number of migrants along the coast and around the lighthouses, and it corresponds with the exhaustion of East Coast migrants that have arrived across the North Sea in winter and frequently fall the prey of falcons hunting the coasts for tired woodcock and goldcrests. Bird reports from local observers are nowadays frequently embarrassing in their richness. This increasing interest in watching a bird's movements instead of putting an end to them by shooting the feathered visitor has, for example, disclosed the wealth of sea-fowl and divers visiting the Manx coasts in winter, and the great numbers of goosanders coming down to the East Staffordshire reservoirs and the Thames reservoirs above London. The erection of the bird observatory on the Isle of May showed a similarity between its wealth of bird migrants from the Continent and the records so long compiled on the Norfolk coast, while recent studies at the Spurn have shown the fruitful value of regular observation from that point.

Twenty years' study of the bird migration on Merseyside has shown one how the bulk of our summer migrants arrive *via* North Wales and the Wirral coast, although many birds by-pass the Wirral peninsula of Cheshire and cross Liverpool Bay from Anglesey and the Point of Air to Formby Point in west Lancashire. The spring birds arrive much later in mid-Wirral and south Lancashire than on the coast. The first indications of the return migration in spring are the passage of small parties of pipits and wagtails along the coast and the sewage farms, and the appearance in the Mersey estuary of spruce-looking lesser black-backed and herring gulls, obviously different from the gulls which have wintered with us and doubtlessly native birds which have wintered off Spain or Gibraltar, returning to nest here. The wild grey geese gather in the Ribble estuary in March and later in the Solway before migrating northwards. Then there are the first few sand-martins at the Cheshire meres where they find the insect life so necessary to them and the swallows which come after them. April sees large flocks of golden plover, four hundred or eight hundred strong, resplendent in their gold-spangled nesting plumages and their jet-black underparts, gathering in certain haunts preparatory to their migration to the hills, and the curlews gather in lesser numbers off the west Lancashire mosslands. Even after the swifts have arrived at their familiar haunts in May, there are still flocks of them migrating in June, and long after the bulk of our winter shore birds have returned to their nesting haunts in northern lands there are frequently odd summer specimens of drake pochard frequenting waters where they do not nest, and parties of turnstones, godwits, and knot on the coast in July and August. I have seen purple-sandpipers, turnstones, godwits, long-tailed duck, and dunlin on the coast late in May, when most of their kind are nesting in other lands, and in June and July I have occasionally seen scoters or black sea-duck both offshore and inland on the Pennine reservoirs. A few years ago I was surprised to find a solitary cock redwing spending the summer in the Nightcap Wood in Knowsley Park. I was attracted by his song, more varied and less vehement than that of the song-thrush, and sometimes like a starling at its best. At first I suspected the singer to be a song-thrush mimick-

ing some new song until I tracked it down and flushed it from its perch. From the persistence of my searches I concluded it was a solitary bird and not nesting, although it was here in June and July, and I wondered if those of our winter visitors who find Britain on the verge of their nesting territory occasionally tarry behind in odd birds, as we so often notice with some of the duck. The long-tailed duck, one of the most marine of wildfowl, has tarried in our estuaries in full breeding plumage into the third week of May.

The turn of the migration comes in July, when the southward movement of birds is obvious and the flocks of common gulls, which nest in Scotland, appear on the golf-courses and the shores near my home. Their migration lasts through the autumn, and it is interesting that although it is so very noticeable along the coastal strip and for some fifteen miles inland, twenty and thirty miles inland there is little sign of their migration, for these are by no means common birds far inland from the coast. Numbers of sanderling, kittiwake, and dunlin are migrating down the coast in July, and in August early knot, dunlin, and godwits may be watched on the shore, the birds still in their rich nesting plumage; while at the sewage farm bogs there are parties of young ruffs, probably from Finnish nesting haunts and conspicuously tinged with chestnut above the shoulders, often ridiculously tame to approach and frequently showing a whitish ring around the base of the bill. I have noticed on the sands in August that the newly arrived dunlin from the hills, when stalked in the sunshine, will crouch down on the sands to camouflage their soft brown backs and wings rather than hurry to join the main flocks; but in winter, when they have moulted into their greyer plumage which harmonises with mud better than sand, this crouching habit is not indulged in, and flight with the main flock is their effort for safety. The heaviest migration of young black-headed gulls southwards is a week earlier in July than the southward wave of young herring-gulls, and although the southward movement of young yellow wagtails—noticed by their shorter tails—is strongest in the third week of July, the main movement of adult yellow wagtails at the sewage farm does not take place until the second or third week of August. September is a

great month for the southward migration of sandpipers, which are so much attracted by the glare of light over our coastal towns at night that their sudden little trill of a whistle is then the commonest sound coming from the darkness during any lulls in the traffic. Many bird-lovers write and talk about the *seep*-like calls of the migrating redwings to be listened for at this time over the towns after dark. It is true that these may often be heard, over London as well as the smaller towns, but many of the early reports of redwings are the mistaken calls of starlings and song-thrushes which pass over our towns in large numbers in autumn. The little grey phalarope, loveliest and tamest of the waders, is a more frequent autumn migrant along the coast than was generally assumed. Our last odd swallows of the year are nearly always a November bird or two.

Thus it is on these lines that the new studies of bird migration are being made, and new knowledge gained. It has been the ambition of many a keen ornithologist from the days of Gilbert White to those of Coward to see the main bird haunts of Britain—the favoured estuaries and islands, lighthouses, sewage-farms, and inland waters—watched by relays of reliable watchers during the main migrating times, so that their reports could be collated and add to our knowledge of bird migration from a national rather than a local point of view. Therein has lain the trouble with the bulk of bird study in the past and a great deal of valuable time spent by bird-lovers to-day—their statistics and observations are only of a local value through the lack of co-ordination with observers carrying out the same sort of field-work elsewhere. The appeal for helpers to be responsible for the watching at various periods on the Isle of May bird observatory found the usual abundance of week-end watching and neglect of the other days, and any nationwide organisation of migration study finds its greatest difficulty in balancing the studies proportionally throughout the week. What are wanted are people who have the time at their disposal to visit the known bird haunts affected in their areas by winds or temperature and to go to those places when a change in the wind or the weather is likely to affect bird migration. The keener interest in field-ornithology taken by the universities has



enabled us to fill our amateur societies with more reliable naturalists than we gained in most of the old societies surviving from Victorian times, with their weighty hindrance of sentimentalists or elderly ladies seeking nothing more than a short stroll in the countryside. Although proportionally the more numerous sex in interest in birds, women have proved most disappointing in my own fairly extensive experience of bird-study and organisation of bird-study. Not that there have been no great contributions to ornithology by women, for one instantly recalls such eminent field naturalists as Miss E. L. Turner, Miss Pratt, Miss Acland, the Misses Rintoul and Baxter, and a few others. But the number is very limited and it is amongst the male members that we generally find our most regular and painstaking bird-watchers. This is a pity, because the lady naturalist has usually the most time at her disposal, and yet on the average she prefers to be shown her birds rather than herself make painstaking rounds of estuaries and sewage farms, lighthouses, and reservoirs in gale and frost, with telescope as well as field-glasses. She is, however, probably keenest in valuing that record of the first cuckoo or swallow, the pied blackbird in the garden or the performing bluetits upon a string of peanuts. She pursues her hobby of birds because she likes it, and stops it when she finds she is not liking it—which of course is a very sensible approach to any amateur hobby—whereas the average male ornithologist is a devotee to a science that must be an unselfish devotion entailing long hours of fruitless searching amongst crowds of common birds, going over the same ground daily, and the irksome stalking of suspiciously strange birds that cannot quickly be identified.

The reformer who would place practical results first and bring about the most useful improvements in a society, or its national hobby, soon treads upon the toes of tradition and may well have to upset the apple-cart of that rut of routine which controls so much of our bird-study. There is a local tradition and an affection for the local society and its bird-list of the parish or the collection in the local museum. The parish-bounds of Gilbert White's type of nature study die hard, but the future of this new study of bird migration lies in our working from a national rather than a merely local outlook.

In these days when travel facilities take most of our bird-watchers around all the well-known bird-haunts from the Scillies to Shetland, the national organisations like the British Trust for Ornithology and the British Empire Naturalists' Association make an appeal they could never have expected in Victorian stay-at-home days. The B.T.O. appeals more to those of us who are individualists and need no guidance as to haunts and methods of bird-watching, but merely a central source wherein to pool our records or receive instructions for the course of study for some year. The B.E.N.A. aims more at a centralising of the local bird-watching parties and rambles as well as the national centre for the individual field-worker. With two dozen provincial branches, each with their own meetings, officers, and in some cases, as its Merseyside Branch, local bird-lists, the B.E.N.A. has done much to bring our nature study to the ideal stage when we can see local associations in the principal towns, or the rural districts, linked together in a national body of which they are a part, not merely subscribing affiliates. This is instead of the old idea of very independent individual societies in the towns, proud and jealous of their history and independence, and in their worship of tradition deep in the rut of a tradition that has put most of them out of touch with modern natural history and its methods. The British Isles is one of the richest centres in the world for the study of bird migration and our societies as well as our naturalists should be alive to its opportunities.

ERIC HARDY.

#### Art. 4.—ECONOMIC WAR—WITH HITLER AND WITH NAPOLEON.

THE Germans speak of being engaged in a total war as if the efforts being made on both sides to undermine the enemy's powers of military offence and defence through the disorganisation of his internal economy and the ruin of his foreign trade gave the struggle an unprecedented character. Actually, however, (economic warfare has been the concomitant of military operations at least since the moment when wars began being waged by whole nations—that is to say, according to Foch in his 'Principles of War,' since the French Revolution.) If the present war and the war of 1914–18 are viewed, for the sake of argument, as the successive phases of one struggle, they are found to offer analogies with the wars which locked Britain and France in deadly grip from 1793 to 1815.

The present war differs from that fought from 1914 to 1918 in two notable respects. In the first place, its opening stage has been a war of siege, whereas 1914 witnessed a war of movement. In the second place, Germany this time lacks what she possessed in the last war—a grand fleet. As a result this war is in a way less like its immediate predecessor than like the second of the post-revolutionary wars between Britain and France, that which broke out in 1803, and especially it is like that phase of this war which lasted from 1806 to 1812. By the end of 1914 Britain had sacrificed a total of 90,000 lives; at the end of 1939 British soldiers killed in action in France numbered fourteen. The contrast is evocative of 1806. Apart from increases of taxation, the Napoleonic wars resulted in the addition to our national debt of what was then the huge sum of 500,000,000*l.*; yet the loss of life was little more than 100,000 men, or one-eighth of the fatal casualties suffered by the French in the same period. And until 1807, when Wellington went to the Iberian Peninsula, we were not engaged on land at all. The present war further resembles our struggle of 1806–12 rather than the struggle of 1914–18 in the nature of the naval operations. Because from 1914 to 1919 Germany had a grand fleet, our Navy had constantly to guard against the danger of a hostile

naval descent upon our shores. The bases of the Navy had accordingly to be so arranged as to threaten the the enemy with being cut off from his route home by the convergence of superior forces upon his flank and rear. In the present war the danger of a hostile naval descent is lacking ; the naval activity of the enemy depends almost entirely on submarines operating singly, and against merchantmen as much as, if not more than, against ships of war. This was the situation from 1806 to 1812, and for the same reason. Nelson's victory at Trafalgar in October 1805 left the French without a fleet. They were driven to trying to paralyse our sea-borne trade. What they were able to achieve in this respect actually at sea was not enough, and Napoleon decided to supplement it with a Continental boycott of our goods. Both the harrying of our merchantmen and the ban put on our goods were occasioned by Napoleon's inability to injure Britain through the ordinary operations of war. It became Napoleon's aim to force Britain's surrender not through defeat in the field but as the sequel to economic collapse.

The naval guerilla warfare being waged to-day against our sea-borne trade by German submarines, aeroplanes, magnetic mines, and so on is akin to the warfare which was being conducted then, in part by means of privateers and improvised cruisers, in part by means of the closing of the Continent to British imports. Then, as now, the enemy allied himself for a time with Russia ; indeed, it was the eventual defection of Russia and not any sudden offensive of our own which opened the road to our victory. And because Napoleon at that time held far more of the Continent in his power than Germany holds to-day, far more in fact than Germany and Russia combined are likely to be able to control in the immediate future, a comparison of the situation then with the situation now is worth instituting. On the one hand it will supply us with a sense of perspective. On the other, it can hardly fail to afford us encouragement. For between 1806 and 1812 we were brought much nearer to ruin than we are threatened with being brought in the present war, and yet, notwithstanding the heavy odds then against us, ultimately—in the year 1812—we triumphed.

Napoleon's first move towards setting up what has

since been known as the Continental System occurred in February 1806, when he compelled Prussia to close Hanover and the whole of the north-west coast of Germany to British imports. That first step, however, was but the prelude to measures of considerably wider scope. By the Treaty of Campo Formio, which in October 1797 had marked the end of a war between Napoleon and Austria, he was given possession of the Austrian Netherlands—the area whose inhabitants were later to become the nation of Belgium. In 1794, following the fall of the House of Orange, Holland had been turned into the Batavian Republic; and already towards the end of 1801 Napoleon had succeeded there in making changes which put the French party in power and enabled him to garrison the Dutch fortresses with French troops, in defiance of the Treaty of Lunéville to which he had put his hand in the previous February. Thus, when in 1806 Napoleon persuaded Prussia to shut out British imports from the north-west of Germany, he already controlled the whole of the coast opposite Britain. And very soon he also controlled a still larger part of the hinterland. On July 17, 1806, he signed a decree which grouped the princes of south and central Germany in a Confederation of the Rhine, and of this confederation he became the protector and in all important respects the ruler. This brought under his control all the territory comprised between the mouth of the Elbe and the Pyrenees. Furthermore, his troops were in occupation of Leghorn and the Papal States and his elder brother Joseph was king of Naples. Italy was thus at his orders; and so likewise was Spain.

By then, however, Britain had regained the initiative, thanks to taking measures of retaliation. On May 16, 1806, there was decreed by order in council the blockade of the coast then in Napoleon's power. This blockade nominally extended to all ports between Brest and the mouth of the Elbe; actually it applied only to the ports situated between the mouth of the Seine and Ostend. Neutral vessels were forbidden to enter any port of that coast without first having called at an English port. 'No trade except through England,' was made our Navy's watchword. Such a blockade was easy for us to impose, because we had the requisite warships and because

at no point is the English Channel more than about 120 miles wide and the North Sea more than about 400. There was no doubt that the blockade would be effective. So Napoleon decided to try if he could not come to terms with us before it was too late. He secretly offered to cede to us Hanover, of which our king, George IV, was the titular Elector. The move did not do Napoleon any good. We refused to accept, and when Prussia got wind of the offer she mobilised her army and Russia joined with her in a war on France which broke out in October 1806.

Napoleon advanced against the King of Prussia, defeated him at Jena, and marched into Berlin. There on Nov. 21, 1806, he took the decisive step which testified to his having given up all hope of a reconciliation with Britain. The famous Berlin Decree renewed and extended the boycott of British products. It forbade any trade or any correspondence with these islands. In Napoleon's opinion, Britain was a nation of shopkeepers; and her ruin could be achieved, he thought, by refusing to buy from her. Britain again retaliated by promptly making her blockade more strict. An order in council of Jan. 7, 1807, decreed that all coastwise traffic in European waters should be intercepted and turned back.

Yet, as it happened, at that time the Berlin edict was not being applied. Till the following August or September cargoes of British goods in neutral vessels arrived at Continental ports as frequently as they ever had. Napoleon was too busy in other ways to devise the means to prevent them. He had conquered Prussia, but Prussia's ally still confronted him. It took him all his time to prepare for operations against Russia. At last, on June 14, 1807, he fought the battle of Friedland and the Russians suffered a complete disaster. On the 22nd an armistice was agreed to, and on July 8 there was signed the Peace of Tilsit. By the terms of this peace treaty, the Tsar Alexander undertook to co-operate with Napoleon in coercing Denmark, Sweden, and Portugal to close their ports to Britain and to make war on her. On Oct. 20 a state of war was declared to exist between Britain and Russia. As Turkey was already at war with us as well, more than the whole

of the Continent was now leagued against us. And thereupon, on top of all, we incurred the resentment of the United States.

The time was ripe for the Continental System to be put fully into force. On Sept. 18 Napoleon, back in Paris, decided that his real intention in issuing the Berlin Decree had been to have French armed vessels seize and bring into port any neutral vessels carrying cargoes of British origin, even when these cargoes happened to be neutral property. By a second decree, which he signed at Milan on Dec. 17, the Continental System was made to apply to the sea as well as to the land. Any ship found to have submitted to search by the British Navy was to be denationalised—that is to say, outlawed.

Thereupon French privateers renewed their activities of the previous decade, coming out into the approaches to the Channel and making prizes, British and neutral alike. Britain retaliated by sending out privateers of her own; and in order to protect her merchant vessels she formed them into convoys. It was in 1795, during the first post-revolutionary war, that we had begun convoying groups of merchantmen. From the first the practice—which we tardily revived in 1917 and have found conspicuously successful in the present war—discouraged attack by solitary units of the enemy. The privateers did relatively little harm. Indeed, to begin with it was not Britain but the neutral nations that suffered chiefly from the combined effects of the boycott and blockade. When Napoleon threatened to make war on Denmark if she did not join the Continental System, Britain, early in August 1807, suddenly occupied Copenhagen with 27,000 troops and asked Denmark to hand over her fleet for so long as we should be at war. Denmark refused. We bombarded Copenhagen from Sept. 2-5, and thereupon Denmark yielded. As in Denmark, so in Portugal, we partially circumvented the French. When, upon orders from Napoleon, Junot entered Lisbon on Nov. 30, 1807, he arrived just too late. Under pressure from a British squadron, the Portuguese fleet had sailed away for Brazil, having on board the royal family, the ministers, the chief grandees, and the national treasure.

One country, however, became strongly incensed at



our policy—the United States. American vessels had been in the habit of sailing from one European port to another. But in November 1807 Britain decreed that every French port, every port in a country at war with Britain, and every port from which the British flag was excluded, would be treated as under blockade. All trade in produce from the colonies of Britain's enemies was declared to be unlawful to neutrals. Hitherto Britain had insisted, as I have said, that any ship bound for a Continental port should first call at a British port. Now every ship that left a Continental port was likewise made to call at a British port before proceeding to her destination, and many such ships were made prizes. On Dec. 22, 1807, accordingly, America passed an act forbidding her ships to go to Europe.

It is true that we soon brought about some mitigation of our treatment of neutrals. In the following year Britain instituted a licence system thanks to which individual neutral ships could be allowed through to a blockaded port. Even the use of 'navicerts' is evidently something not altogether new! But unfortunately the licence system did not satisfy the American sense of what was due to the United States. On March 1, 1809, the American embargo act of 1807 was repealed and for it was substituted a non-intercourse act which forbade American ships to go into French or English ports or into the ports of colonies occupied by Britain or France. As regards English and French ports, the act was temporarily suspended fourteen months later. But while in force it proved more far-reaching than the order made by President Roosevelt last November, according to which certain European waters said to form 'the war zone' are forbidden to vessels under the American flag. Moreover, now American vessels may in certain circumstances change their registry, but during the war of 1803 that does not seem to have been allowed. Also, instead of the system which has been described by the First Lord of the Admiralty, whereby neutral vessels may be chartered to Britain under guarantee, there was then in operation its opposite. Enemy vessels could be transferred to neutral ownership by a process known as 'neutralisation.'

So it was that, to begin with, the neutrals suffered

most. But in time France came to suffer severely too. In spite of licences and 'neutralisation' transfers, neutral trade was destroyed, and it was this which was felt in France more than in England. The English had plenty of ships of their own. The French, on the contrary, needed the neutral carrier, half their sea-borne trade having been entrusted to him even in peace time. Moreover, such goods as ultimately got through the blockade and boycott thanks to licences were made dearer for the ultimate consignees. It was by the Continental consumers who were Napoleon's subjects that the bill had to be met.

Such was the course of economic warfare from the year 1806 onwards. Let us contrast with it what has happened in the present war. Whereas when last we were fighting Germany we did not set up a blockade till nearly eight months after the outbreak of hostilities—not, that is to say, till March 1915—on this occasion we published our list of contraband material on Sept. 4, the day after the war began. In the first fifteen weeks our seizures averaged 34,000 tons a week and those of our allies the French 24,000. If they have diminished since then, it is because shipments of contraband have been largely given up. In November 1938 American exports to Germany had amounted in value to \$12,210,000; in November 1939 they were no more than \$2,000. In the first six months of the war German imports from the Argentine dwindled by more than two-thirds and even those from Japan were halved.

In 1807 Napoleon, as we have seen, was able to league the whole Continent against Britain. To-day Germany has been unable to do more than close her own ports to our goods, and her interference with our sea-borne trade has taken the form of attempts to destroy ships bound for or coming out of English ports. When to sporadic attacks on our own and on neutral shipping by raiders, submarines, and aeroplanes she added the indiscriminate use of magnetic mines and employed aircraft to sow surface mines in our estuaries, we retaliated on Dec. 4, 1939, by imposing an embargo on German exports. This applies not only to goods of German origin being carried in neutral vessels but also to neutral manufactures into which there has entered more than 25 per cent. of German raw material. Here again the

parallel with 1807 is close. The quantity of our seizures of this kind has not been published, but little can have got through.

By comparison the German efforts to prevent us from continuing with our sea-borne trade have been a failure. British and neutral losses have averaged under 2 per cent. of the arrivals and clearances at British ports. However, the real parallel now to the operation of the Continental System lies rather in what may happen in neutral countries, where Britain and Germany are competing for markets and for the pre-emption of exports. Theoretically there should be ample outlets for the surpluses of all manufacturing countries, but in practice for one among such countries to secure a market is detrimental to another of them, and it is the issue of that struggle as much as the battlefield that will decide our commercial and hence very largely our national future. According to figures issued in Germany, German foreign trade, which shrank very considerably in the first month of the war, recovered its pre-war volume as early as October. In various directions the international trade position of Germany is unquestionably very strong. She has maintained her dealings with Belgium and Switzerland and has steadily increased her exports to Holland. Indeed, already by the end of last year her clearing debts to Switzerland and Holland had been practically wiped out. But there is another side to the picture. As I have said, from some neutral countries, such as the United States and Argentina, German trade has simply disappeared. Moreover, her exchanges with certain other countries are neither as large nor as swift as she would wish. Germany had hoped to obtain 45 per cent. of Rumania's total exports of oil, but the Rumanian-German trade convention, which was signed towards the end of December, provides for only 1,560,000 out of a total available for export of 4,500,000 tons—that is to say, only 34 per cent. Owing to the blockade, German imports of copper and oxide from Yugoslavia, which formerly travelled by sea, must now go overland by rail, and in the winter rail traffic between the two countries is subject to frequent interruption.

As for ourselves, there was a sharp fall in British overseas trade not only in September but in October as well. In November, however, our imports were 6,014,282l.,

or 7.7 per cent. higher than in November 1938, although our exports, by comparison with the same period, had dropped 5,562,896%, or 13 per cent.; the adverse balance was, indeed, 43,883,000%. We thus had no ground for complacency. Nevertheless, there has been every reason to expect that we shall maintain and expand our foreign trade. Some months before the war began we had concluded a highly satisfactory trade agreement with the United States. The Anglo-Argentine trade agreement of Dec. 1, 1936, having remained in force over the end of 1939, is now likely to continue indefinitely. Since the outbreak of war we have negotiated war trade agreements with Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Rumania. We have a standing trade delegation in Italy. Negotiations with Holland for a war trade convention were unfortunately interrupted when our embargo on German exports altered the situation for manufacturers in that country.

The event shows that in this war the neutral is bound to suffer, even as he suffered during our wars with Napoleon. In 1812 the consequences of our economic warfare drove the United States into declaring war upon us, and already in the present war there has been some slight friction between ourselves and the United States. At the New Year we received two notes of protest from Washington. One complained of the detention of two American vessels by our contraband control and declared that compensation would be exacted for any damage that might arise if American ships were compelled to put into English ports. The other note protested 'vigorously' against an alleged British censorship of 'American mails in American or other neutral ships' which had 'involuntarily entered British ports,' and contended that such censorship was a clear violation of the immunity promised by the Hague Convention. Protests of this kind are inevitable, but they are not on this occasion in the least likely to develop into a quarrel. Between 1915 and 1917 the United States became, as did other neutrals, gradually inured to our successive evasions and contraventions of international law and custom; and our diplomatic tact should be equal to bringing neutrals to a same acquiescence to-day. And while we are likely to remain on relatively good terms with them,

the Germans have already excited the animosity of a great part of the world.

In the economic warfare waged from 1806 to 1812 we enjoyed the great advantage of superior financial strength. I have mentioned that it was the Continental consumers who had to meet the bill incurred in any running of the blockade, and this extra burden was precisely one which the French population could not bear. In 1812 chicory was being used for coffee in France and woad instead of indigo. Napoleon had admirable fiscal principles. He successfully prevented any substantial increase in the French national debt. In 1811 the amount of this debt was 1,250 million francs and at the Restoration it had not exceeded 2,000 million. In 1811 the British debt was 700,000,000*l.*, or fourteen times the size of the French. But it was one thing to keep the French debt from swelling and another thing to avoid draining the resources of the nation. Napoleon had to raise money. In France he levied war contributions, which did not figure as debt. He also made foreign countries pay for the upkeep of the troops whom he quartered in them, not only while he was at war but in peace time as well. Obviously measures of this character were but palliatives, and they could only be prolonged at the price of new wars which in turn demanded fresh expenditure. In France there went with crushing taxation the utmost rigour of collection. Hardship and privation were widespread. In 1811 bankruptcies were numerous, and many an enterprise which failed brought down others in its fall. Discontent with the imperial power grew bitter; and in order to forestall the danger of popular risings the government put large garrisons in the provincial towns, and the cost of these garrisons had to be defrayed by drawing on the future. Many of the towns were depopulated and decaying. In the countryside the peasantry was ill-fed, wretchedly clothed, and wretchedly housed. Sixty thousand youths, who had refused conscription, were leading a quasi-animal life scattered in the forests.

Meanwhile, although British credit remained unimpaired, for Britain also 1811 was a black year. Up till 1810 the facade at least had been preserved, and an American—a native of Maryland—who toured the country

then was much impressed by the signs of public and private prosperity which he saw on all sides. In 1811, however, even the show of prosperity had to be abandoned. The dislocation of trade, the loss of markets as a result of the Continental System on the one hand, of the American non-intercourse act on the other, and the aftermath of a wild bout of speculation there had been in 1808, combined to bring about widespread disaster. Merchants failed, factories were shut, and workmen idle and starving. In Charlotte Brontë's novel 'Shirley' there is a vivid picture of conditions in Yorkshire at that time. When the novel opens, Mr Moore, a woollen manufacturer, is threatened with ruin, and the workmen of the neighbourhood are incensed against him because he wishes to instal machinery, and they believe that this will add to their already terrible distress. The curate Malone remarks to him :

" ' Helstone says that the ' Orders in Council ' are with you another name for the seven deadly sins ; that Castlereagh is your Anti-christ, and the war party his legions." " Yes," Moore replies ; " I abhor all these things because they ruin me. . . . I am very rich in cloth I cannot sell : you should step into my warehouse yonder, and observe how it is piled to the roof with pieces. Roakes and Pearson are in the same condition. America used to be their market, but the Orders in Council have cut them off." ' "

And here is how the novelist herself sums up the situation :

" The " Orders in Council," provoked by Napoleon's Milan and Berlin decrees, and forbidding neutral Powers to trade with France, had, by offending America, cut off the principal market of the Yorkshire woollen trade, and brought it, consequently, to the verge of ruin. Minor foreign markets were glutted, and would receive no more—the Brazils, Portugal, Sicily were all overstocked by nearly two years' consumption. . . . England, if not weary, was worn with long resistance—yes, and half her people were weary too, and cried out for peace on any terms. National honour was become a mere empty name, of no value in the eyes of many, because their sight was dim with famine ; and for a morsel of meat they would have sold their birthright.

Even if it were likely that we might be brought to a similar extremity in the present struggle, it is to be noted

that in 1812, as I have said, we triumphed. In any case, there are no signs that this time the strain will be nearly as severe.

It is true that, from an economic standpoint, our situation when the present war broke out was not as favourable as it had been in 1914. We entered upon this war with a national debt of about 8,000 million pounds; in 1914 the debt was lower than it had been in 1811: it stood at about 614 millions and was in process of being reduced by a large sinking fund. Income-tax in 1914 was 1s. in the pound. Upon the outbreak of war in 1939 it was raised for the financial year 1939-40 to 7s., and the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of its being at least 7s. 6d. in the pound in a full war year. According to the revised budget we proposed spending in 1939-40 1,933 million pounds (about 48l. 6s. a head), and of this, 938 millions was to be borrowed (only 500 millions was borrowed during all the twelve years of the Napoleonic wars!). Yet it was stated that our expenditure would even then not be more than 18 per cent. of the national earnings. Compared with Germany, which owes 800 million pounds abroad, we have assets in other countries of which the more liquid have been estimated by Mr J. M. Keynes to amount to 1,000 millions. Our total holdings of gold and dollars in the United States at the outbreak of war were \$4,230 million, compared with \$3,315 million in 1914, and if it has to be admitted that, under the Neutrality Act which President Roosevelt signed on Nov. 4, 1939, we are barred from raising loans in New York, it is some comfort to note that Germany's gold and dollar holdings in the United States on Sept. 3 last were only \$160 million.

Already before this war, taxation weighed far more heavily on persons of small income in Germany than it did here. Whereas an English married couple with no children paid on an income of 240l. a year 1l. 13s. 4d. in tax, a similar German couple paid 34l. 6s. It is to be supposed that when a people is taxed on that scale, there is small possibility of imposing further increases. Germany cannot raise additional money by taxation. And there are other items in our favour. Whereas we were able to enter upon the war with large stocks of aluminium, zinc, antimony, silver, and phosphate rock,



Germany had a shortage of cotton, wool, iron ore, steel alloy metals, copper, lead, tin, rubber, and oil. Whereas our petrol supplies may be regarded as assured, Germany needs to import each year about 39 million tons of petrol and lubricating oils, and there is no possibility of her being able to obtain anything like that quantity.

Altogether, then, if staying power were going to decide the struggle, we might consider that we had the advantage. It is to be noticed, however, that in 1812 our victory was decided neither by our strength nor by our strategy, but by the grievous mistakes into which Napoleon fell. In 1808 he placed his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne in the belief that in this way he would be better able to control Spain. This was to betray a lack of prescience regarding the Spanish people. They would not accept a king whom they looked upon as an interloper. Soon there was a revolt, and Britain promptly joined forces with the insurgents. Presently Napoleon made further annexations of territory. The blame as regards Holland was largely that of his brother Louis, who as king of Holland proved incapable of having British goods excluded as rigorously as was requisite. The fact remains that in July 1810 Napoleon annexed Holland. In the following October his troops occupied the Italian cantons of Switzerland; and at the end of the year he annexed the Hanseatic towns; there too the customs officers had been slack. In entering Hanover he could claim to be fighting Britain, but in seizing Cuxhaven, the port of Hamburg, no such plea was valid. The annexations alienated Russia. By that time the Tsar Alexander had already grown dissatisfied with the Continental System. In November 1810 he issued a commercial ukase separating his dominions from its operation. Colonial produce was henceforth to be allowed in at Russian ports provided it came under a neutral flag. Napoleon protested. He said that the colonial goods which had appeared at the last Leipzig fair had been brought there on 700 wagons from Russia. All colonial produce available in Germany was entering via Russia. Twelve hundred vessels, escorted by twenty British men-of-war and flying Swedish, Portuguese, Spanish, and American flags, landed some of their cargoes in Russia. Napoleon declared that in these circumstances he must

consider the issue of peace and war to be in the hands of the Tsar. The Tsar did not give way. The people of Britain were in the throes of a prolonged financial crisis, and Napoleon had only to wait and the chances were that his boycott would achieve its purpose. But instead he tried to make the boycott more strict, and this led him to address demands to the Tsar which the latter found unacceptable. Moreover, the Tsar suspected Napoleon of wishing to turn Poland into a semi-independent French protectorate. In 1812 he demanded that Napoleon should withdraw all troops from Prussian territory and keep them on the left bank of the Rhine. These were not the kind of demands Napoleon could entertain. In January the Tsar had issued a further commercial ukase which allowed manufacturers from England into Russia. Shortly afterwards Britain did a deal with both Russia and Sweden, and it was then that the tact of Admiral Sir James Saumarez, who had avoided hostilities in the war that we were nominally waging against Sweden, bore its fruit. Sweden was well disposed to treat. Accordingly, she was persuaded to cede Finland to Russia, and in return she obtained Norway, which was taken from Denmark. By May Napoleon had definitely quarrelled with Alexander, and he set out for Poland in order to place himself at the head of the army he was going to lead into the Russian wastes.

The Continental System was broken and the trade of Britain at once revived. The privation and distress so vividly described by Charlotte Brontë in the early pages of 'Shirley' proved to have been but the accompaniment of the dark hour before the dawn. In 1812 trade with South America revived, and the West Indies called for supplies from the Mother Country. At this point 'Shirley' may be left to take up the story.

'In this year Lord Wellington assumed the reins in Spain ; they made him Generalissimo, for their own salvation's sake. In this year he took Badajos, he fought the field of Vittoria, he captured Pampeluna, he stormed St Sebastian ; in this year he won Salamanca. . . .

'On the 18th of June, 1812, the Orders in Council were repealed, and the blockaded ports thrown open. You know very well—such of you as are old enough to remember—you made Yorkshire and Lancashire shake with your shout on

that occasion : the ringers cracked a bell in Briarfield belfry ; it is dissonant to this day. The Association of Merchants and Manufacturers dined together at Stilboro', and one and all went home in such a plight as their wives would never wish to witness more. Liverpool started and snorted like a river-horse roused amongst his reeds by thunder. Some of the American merchants felt threatening of apoplexy, and had themselves bled : all, like wise men, at this first moment of prosperity, prepared to rush into the bowels of speculation, and to delve new difficulties, in whose depths they might lose themselves at some future day. Stocks, which had been accumulating for years, now went off in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye ; warehouses were lightened, ships were laden ; work abounded, wages rose ; the good time seemed come. These prospects might be delusive, but they were brilliant—to some they were even true. At that epoch, in that single month of June, many a solid fortune was realised.'

Britain's ordeal had come to an end, and it was owing to the mistakes made by Napoleon.

The forces leagued against us had been more formidable than those which confront us now, and yet we emerged the victors from the struggle. There lies the encouragement to be derived from recalling that previous economic war, because, obviously, nothing will be more easy than for Herr Hitler to take some fatal false step in a domain where a far greater than he could err. But that does not mean we can afford simply to wait for the decisive mistake to be committed by the enemy. As I have said, in our economic struggle with Napoleon we were brought ultimately to suffer terrible hardship and privation, and if in 1812 his mistakes at last brought us victory, it was only thanks to our previous endurance and resolution.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

## Art. 5.—IS SHAKESPEARE'S WILL A FORGERY?

FORGERY of documents is as old as history and very common. From pedigrees to banknotes, from pictures to postage-stamps, from antiques to charters, through all the arts and in everything that possesses interest the fabricator has roamed in search of profit or amusement. Sir Sidney Lee gave in Appendix I to his 'Life of William Shakespeare' a long list of forgeries in regard to matters appertaining to the poet. In 'Curiosities of Literature' D'Israeli wrote four articles on the subject of forged documents, and gave evidence of the support that forgeries obtained for a time from educated and learned men. There is nothing new therefore in a challenge offered to a document accepted as genuine.

Papers about a great man if they are discovered long after his death, if they neither carry a well-known seal nor fit reasonable conceptions, and if their substance can be explained only on the assumption that everybody concerned was weak-minded or bad-hearted should be examined from time to time, so that minds of different constitution and experience may weigh the question of genuineness. It is curious that Shakespeare's will is nearly everything that a will should not be, and that as far as I have been able with extensive reading to discover, no single person has ever investigated the question of its genuineness. It is as defective a document as ever went unchallenged in the courts of law and literature. It contains many deletions and insertions not authenticated by signature, initials, or final testing-clause. It shows change of mind and bequest also unauthenticated. It is apparently a second draft, but even after the second draft was completed Shakespeare had not made up his mind about his intentions. Its mangled condition signifies that Shakespeare was helpless, that neither he nor the lawyer consulted the poet's son-in-law, Dr Hall, about the form of the document, and that Dr Hall took no interest in it though he was to be an executor and was vitally interested in seeing that the will, being very much in his wife's favour and much to the disadvantage of Judith Shakespeare, her sister, should be valid. It appears that no other relative was in a position to demand from the

lawyer a proper document, though four hours would have sufficed to produce one, and as Shakespeare lived about a month after the date of the will he certainly could have signed a proper one. According to the document the great poet was irrational and forgetful in details, besides being unjust to his wife and unfair to his younger daughter. Still more, the legal draftsman must have been incompetent.

These are large assumptions. One defect after another, one oddity after another has been explained by suppositions, but the accumulation of defects and oddities, the charges of general helplessness, incompetence, carelessness, and lack of intelligence on the part of every person about the household of a great man, including his lawyer and himself, ought not to be accepted without full enquiry. I have many questions to ask about this will, and some of these should be answered by lawyers rather than by literary men. All should be investigated. The case, however, does not depend on unanswered questions. I shall have grave accusations to bring against the authenticity of this document.

The will exists in the Probate Office at Somerset House, and possibly was found there, but that is not evidence of authenticity. The insertion of spurious coin in a collection is an old joke and not a pleasant one. It is said that the document was discovered before 1747 by the Rev. Joseph Greene, who was appointed schoolmaster at Stratford in 1735. This was a magnificent treasure-trove, and anyone would imagine that Greene would have hastened to publish the news. Years passed, and in 1759 he contributed to 'The Gentleman's Magazine' a paper on a comparatively small matter, the likeness of the Stratford bust. In this article he assumed that such a question concerning Shakespeare was a matter of universal interest, as it was. Yet the will, the splendid discovery of which was all his own, was first printed in the year 1763 in 'Biographia Britannica' (p. 3636) by a writer who signed himself 'P,' who apparently was not Greene, and who wrote as if Greene had never existed.

Is not this very odd? Is it conceivable that he who had so interesting a story to tell, who had a connection with a periodical, and who took the trouble to contribute a small item about Shakespeare to that periodical, should

not in sixteen years or more have found means of announcing to the world such a discovery, the importance of which no editor could undervalue? It is as odd that 'P' throughout his life appears to have retained his anonymity, though the first person to print Shakespeare's will would surely have been proud and anxious to be known as such, and no honest man who knew the circumstances would have failed in a long article to devote two lines to the discoverer. It is to be assumed that 'P' had reason for concealing his identity, and that he who in his investigations must have found out the circumstances of the discovery had some reason for not mentioning Greene. This reason manifestly was not a desire to pass as the discoverer.

In an article on Richard Greene, Joseph's brother, the 'Dictionary of National Biography' states that Joseph was born in 1712 and died in 1790. Greene lived forty-three years after the discovery of the will and twenty-seven years after it was printed first. In all these years was he ever announced as the discoverer, did he himself announce the discovery in print, or did he own it? Who first attributed the discovery to him, and was the attribution printed in his lifetime? If another person claimed him as the finder and if that man was Steevens or any of his friends, all the circumstances are open to suspicion. Steevens attributed many of his inventions to living people and palmed off his own paragraphs on Malone. If the will was found at Somerset House the probate office of the Province of Canterbury was apparently at London in 1616. If the office was at Canterbury is there any record of the removal of its documents to London?

The will shows that an inventory of goods was exhibited at probate, but the inventory was never discovered. Were such inventories not attached to wills? It does not seem likely that an inventory attached to a will should perish while the will itself was preserved. It is exceedingly likely that an inventory would have given a forger far too much trouble to concoct, and that he would be afraid of exposure if he had tried to concoct one. It was the original will that was discovered. Have a multitude of other original wills of 1616 and about that time been found in the same office? Possible forgeries, such as wills alleged to have been drawn by Francis

Collyns, whose name appears in Shakespeare's will, require to be excluded. Nowadays when wills are recorded they are copied into a register. The existence of a central register in 1616, as I shall show, is implied. Was such a register not kept? Does such a register for 1616 exist, and is a copy of Shakespeare's will found in it?

We come at once to the evidence of authenticity. The proof of genuineness is not in the signatures, for these could easily be forged, nor in the deposit at Somerset House, which could be arranged more easily still, nor in the mention of relatives and friends. There is no seal, either of Shakespeare or of the Probate Court, though I should expect to see both. There is exceptional vagueness about the bequest of some lands and premises which Shakespeare owned. His ownership of the Stratford tithes is not specifically mentioned, though they must have been a more valuable property than one or two of the properties mentioned in the will. The evidence of authenticity seems to reside in: (1) the fact that Susanna (Mrs Hall) inherited his principal properties; (2) the mention of 'one Copiehold tenemente' in the manor of Rowington; (3) the reference to New Place and two properties in Henley Street; and (4) the reference to a tenement owned by Shakespeare at Blackfriars, London.

A searcher among Stratford archives could easily have come by knowledge of properties owned by Shakespeare in the town. In regard to the fourth item there exist a conveyance of the property and a mortgage on it, and these two documents were signed by Shakespeare on consecutive days. The two signatures, which are reproduced in Lee's 'Life,' are utterly unlike each other. Faced with the impossibility that he could have written his name so differently on consecutive days any commentators who have discussed the signatures have invented a nervous disease for Shakespeare. The real explanation is the jocularly of the forger, whose delight it is to anticipate how his jokes will be explained.

Still more grotesque is the sealing of these two documents. We find in Halliwell-Phillipps's 'Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare,' vol. I, p. 221, that one Henry Lawrence, a scrivener's assistant, had 'the honour of lending his seal to the great dramatist, who thus, to the disappointment of posterity, impressed the wax of both



his labels with the initials H. L. instead of those of his own name.' Was ever such credulity? The documents declare that Shakespeare's seal is attached and no lawyer and no poet would have invalidated the deeds in such a way. Further, they apparently contain elaborate legal precautions to prevent Shakespeare's wife from inheriting the property at his death. As he was eight years younger than his wife this precaution cannot be credited. It looks very like an attempt to bolster up the bequest of the second-best bed.

It is said that in 1747 Greene sent a copy of the will to James West, Secretary of the Treasury, with a letter. In 1872 Halliwell-Phillipps issued a tiny volume containing the letter and this copy of the will, but no explanation of their history or of the contents, though explanations were much required. I should like to know whether West's possession of the letter is authenticated, who possessed the letter and the copy after West died and before Halliwell obtained them, who warrants Greene as the writer of the letter and West as the receiver, or the date 1747, whether the original of Greene's letter exists, and if so whether the watermark has been tested to ascertain if possible that it dates from 1747. Do Greene's writing and signature exist anywhere else in authentic documents, and do they tally with the writing and signature in the letter?

In Halliwell-Phillipps's version of West's copy the beginning is as follows: 'E Registro Curiae Prerogativae Cantuar: extract.' But in the facsimile of the will published by Sir E. K. Chambers in his 'William Shakespeare' there is no sign of these words. They signify that Greene had discovered a copy of the will bearing these words or that he himself had extracted the will from a Register and had added them. No one has explained this. It was Greene, the discoverer of the will, who wrote these words, and he who had discovered and copied the document could not possibly have forgotten that he had not obtained it in a Register and could have no object in saying that he had. He was thirty-five in 1747, so his discovery must have been too recent to occasion a lapse of memory on so vital a point. When he laboriously transcribed the will he must have understood thoroughly what he was working upon. Why should the discoverer

tell West that it was an extract from a Register when it was the original?

I cannot say that Greene did not discover the will, but I think that if he did he took it with him when he went to discover it. There appears to be no record in Somerset House or out of it by any civil servant in regard to the discovery. Surely there was commotion in that building when this document was found, but the officials were silent about it. Any ordinary discoverer would have published it immediately, for interest in Shakespeare was universal by 1747. By that year editions of his plays had been published by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton.

Halliwell-Phillipps printed the following clause as the final portion of West's copy, derived from the discoverer, Greene :

'Probatum fuit Testamentum supra-scriptum apud London: coram Venerabili viro Magistro Willielmo Byrde Legum Doctore, Curiae Prerogativae Cantuariensis Magistro Custode sive Commissario legitime Constituto vicesimo secundo die Mensis Junii A.D. Millesimo Sexcentissimo Decimo Sexto.

'Juram \*\*\*\*\* unius Executorum in eodem T\*\*\*\*\*  
Commissa fuit Adminis\*\*\*\*\*

'Concordat cum Registro, facta Collacôe per me,

'Gium Rothwell, N.P.'

Sir E. K. Chambers gives the following version of the endorsement :

'Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde legum doctore Commissario &c. xxij<sup>do</sup> die mensis Junij Anno domini. 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall vnius executoris &c Cui &c de bene &c Jurato. Reservata potestate &c Susanne Hall alteri executori &c cum venerit &c petitura

'Inventorium exhibitum'

With the aid of a magnifying glass I have checked the printed version of Sir E. K. Chambers with the facsimile and find it substantially correct.

What then are we to make of 'fuit Testamentum supra-scriptum apud London,' 'Concordat cum Registro,' 'Rothwell N.P.' and other differences? It was Greene, the discoverer of the will, who made these curious additions. He was not content with prefacing a notice

that the will was an extract from a Register, but alleged that what he had found was a copy certified by one Rothwell as agreeing with the copy in the Register. The will must have been far more readable in 1747, a hundred and eighty-three years before Sir E. K. Chambers published a facsimile, and in any case additions cannot have been due to difficulty in deciphering the writing. Greene's copy of the will itself is very sound. 'P' in his article in 'Biographia Britannica' did not follow Greene's copy of the Probate Clause, but he wrote that 'the following is a copy of it,' that is of the will, 'from the register in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.' Apparently, therefore, he had not seen the original and had got a copy from the register. Where is this register? Has anyone ever seen it? If 'P' got a copy from Greene, how did he get it correct in those details which Greene himself seems to have invented for no reason when making a copy from his own previous copy in 1747?

Some explanation of these circumstances there must be. As the long, silent years passed and Greene worked at research and on the details, stopping every gap and correcting every error he could, as he meditated over this point and that, did he change not only details but method? If this will is a forgery the forger must have made several drafts. Internal evidence shows that someone rewrote Sheet One, as others have demonstrated. Did Greene at first intend to produce only a copy of Shakespeare's will, and as he reflected did he realise that a copy would have no verisimilitude? When he gained sufficient confidence to put a document forward as an original did he rewrite Sheet Three, leaving out the items that declared the will to be a copy agreeing with the Register? If a Register could not be produced all his labour in devising a copy would have been in vain. And if this is not the explanation of the differences I have recorded, what is the explanation? As the name of William Byrde could be obtained from other documents, I assume that Byrde was a Doctor of Laws in the employment of the Prerogative Court in 1616, but the point might be checked.

I come now to the form and state of the will. Carew Hazlitt, in his book 'Shakespeare,' page 53, mentions that a form of will was printed in a handbook entitled

'Simboleography,' compiled by another West in 1598, and that the introductory portion of West's form closely resembles the beginning of Shakespeare's will. I have consulted the 1603 edition of 'Simboleography,' which gives more than one form of will. Section 643 contains this beginning :

'In the name of God Amen. The second day of Januarie 1592. I, R. L., of &c., sicke of bodie but of good & perfect memory (God be praised) do make and ordaine this my last will and testament in maner and form following, that is to say : First I commend my soule into the hands of God my maker, hoping assuredly through the only merites of Jesus Christ my Saviour to bee made partaker of life everlasting, And I commende my bodie to the earth whereof it is made.'

Shakespeare's will begins with the date in Latin and proceeds :

'In the name of god Amen I William Shackspeare of Stratford vpon Avon in the countie of Warr gent in perfect health & memorie god be praysed doe make & Ordayne this my last will & testament in manner & forme followeing. That is to saye ffirst I Comend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator, hoping & assuredlie beleieving through thonellie merittes of Jesus Christe my Saviour to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, And my bodye to the Earth whereof yt ys made.'

The commonest trick of forgers, the exaggeration of antique spelling in the second quotation, will not escape notice. The resemblance is striking, and disposes at least of the notion that Shakespeare dictated his will. Why should Collyns, the Warwickshire solicitor, choose a beginning that existed in a printed book? There were other forms and he was likely to use the local form he had learnt in the office where he served his apprenticeship. It is far more likely that a forger should have consulted West's book for a form of will.

The changes of intention in the will would surely have made a signed rescript or some direct authentication imperative. These changes were not signed or initialled. Sir E. K. Chambers states that the insertions were written with pen and ink different from those used for writing the rest, so the insertions were open to challenge. Are other genuine wills made about 1616 in so faulty a condition,

and if they are did the testator initial the alterations? I assume that a testing-clause was unknown. The will originally contained these words: 'I have hereunto put my Seale,' but the word 'Seale' has been deleted and the word 'hand' has been substituted. The legal draftsman expected Shakespeare to have a seal, but he had none. I find in 'Simboleography,' Section 642, a reference to 'my Ring of gold, which I use to weare and seale withall,' and the document in which this occurs is a model form of will, so a seal was merely a ring. I should say that the possession of a seal in that age of litigation and private lending was commoner than the possession of a cheque-book in this.

That Shakespeare, a gentleman who bore arms, should have no seal and should not have sealed his will is incredible. Malone in the Variorum edition printed the wills of some of Shakespeare's associates, and I assume that they are genuine. If so, Heminge put his hand and seal to his will. Condell and Underwood put hand and seal to theirs. Further, I cannot in this and every other instance assume that Shakespeare and the lawyer who was doing his expert business were blunderers. It is far more likely that a forger was the blunderer, copying from a form of will that referred to a seal and unable to find one. I should like to know more about the wills of the actors mentioned. In their cases have the originals survived? If so, do they show mutilations, hiatus, insertion, deletion, change of mind, and alteration of bequest? Should not an original will that had been through the Probate Court and had been deposited there show the stamp or seal of that Court? Have the originals of other wills deposited in that Court been examined?

It is ludicrous to perceive the abundant energy, the ornamented lettering, the physical power and steadiness of hand in the words 'By me William' and then the shakiness in 'Shakspere' at the end of the will. My limited observation has taught me that people who have to sign their names when in a state of exhaustion have most trouble at the beginning. It is admitted that the names of the four witnesses other than Collyns were written with the same pen and ink. It is clear to me that one man wrote the four signatures. The 'R' in 'Robinson' is a very tricky, swiftly-written 'R,' with a horizontal line

for what should be the final curve, and it can be seen exactly repeated several times in the will. Other resemblances could no doubt be found. The four signatures are the same script in size, shape, slope, proportions, and are in the handwriting of the will itself. The signature of Collyns is the same handwriting, merely put on a different slope and a little disguised. As these names were not signatures there were no witnesses to the signature by Shakespeare of this mangled document, and I do not see how it could stand as a legal instrument if it had been challenged.

Has the watermark of the paper on which the will is written been examined to check whether or not it dates from 1616? I have found no evidence that this has been done.

And now as to the substance of the will. Shakespeare and his lawyer when drawing this will described a property worth 50*l.* and then disposed magnanimously of 'barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements and hereditaments.' The tenement at Blackfriars, London, was where Jack Robinson dwelt, and I say so too. The humour of the draftsman ran away with him a little, for he made Jack Robinson sign the will as a witness. Everyone will agree that Jack is ubiquitous. Shakespeare bequeathed most of his property to his daughter Susanna. He left to Susanna's little daughter, Elizabeth Hall, all his plate except a silver-gilt bowl. The lawyer was so incompetent that he made Shakespeare in another part of the will bequeath "all the rest of" his plate to Susanna and her husband Dr Hall. The poet left his second daughter Judith 300*l.* and the bowl. He left his wife only the second-best bed, and this last bequest was an afterthought, an insertion in a will which had been drafted twice and was ready for signature. Apparently in the first draft and in the second both he and the lawyer had forgotten Mistress Shakespeare's existence.

All these things take a good deal of believing, though they have never been challenged before, and I disbelieve them all. As a married man I declare that it is impossible for any man to forget the existence of his wife, and that Collyns, a man with local connections, would have enquired about Mistress Shakespeare before he had prepared two drafts. It was a forger intent on a scheme

of bequests who forgot the existence of Shakespeare's wife. Lawyers have examined this will, though the questions I raise show that they might have had a great deal more to tell us than they had. They have been unable to find in the pseudo-bequest of the bed any device with a legal end in view, so every sentimental interpretation of the bequest is a refusal to face the reality. As it stands it is a sneer and an insult from a dying man to his wife, the mother of his children, a wife he was leaving penniless.

This, I say, was the bad-hearted response of a forger, covering his mistake with foul imputation of bad-heartedness to the greatest of men. It is curious that the same kind of response was invented by Theobald to cover his own falsehood. Someone had pointed out that the plot of his play 'The Distrest Lovers,' which he attributed to Shakespeare, was taken from an incident in 'Don Quixote,' published in 1611, and Theobald retaliated on Shakespeare with spiteful invention: 'There is a tradition . . . that it was given by our author, as a present of value, to a natural daughter of his, for whose sake he wrote it, in the time of his retirement from the stage.'

It is possible to trace in the preconception of the forger the reason why Shakespeare's wife was not mentioned till after the second draft was ready. This was the notion that Shakespeare ought to have been intent on founding a family. Susanna and her daughter were to have only a life-interest in the lands and properties so carefully left to them that Judith was to be induced to part with a small property for 50%. The lands and properties were to pass after Susanna's death to her eldest son and his heirs male. If this supposititious son had no male issue they were to pass to her second son and his heirs male, and so on with many words to her seventh son and his heirs male. 'For default of such issue' the lands and properties were to remain to his granddaughter Elizabeth Hall, and her heirs male, and if Elizabeth had no male heirs they were to revert to Judith and her heirs male.

Now Shakespeare in 1616 had no son. Susanna had one child, a daughter aged about eight, and most grandparents would guess that in such a case there would be no sons. He was well aware also of the possibility that



Elizabeth herself would have daughters and no sons. He had treated Judith with parsimony and had bestowed nearly everything on Susanna, her husband, and her child. Yet if that child should have daughters but no sons, the lands and properties were to go back to a son of Judith's if she should have one. Clearly a forger copying from a form of will bamboozled himself. That after providing so well for Susanna's family Shakespeare should disinherit them in favour of a son of Judith, the newly married daughter, I do not believe, nor do I believe that a lawyer would in this incompetent fashion defeat the manifest purpose of the testator. I turn to West's 'Simboleography,' Section 642, and find therein a form of will :

'I give unto myne eldest sonne F and to the issue male of his bodie, lawfully begotten, all my lands, tenements, and hereditaments with their appurtenances in H and A &c. or elsewhere. . . . And for default of such issue, to W my second sonne, and to the like issue male of his bodie. And for default of such issue, to L my third sonne, and to the like issue male of his body. And for default of such issue to the next heires of me the said J. H. forever.'

The absurdity of carrying on to the seventh son and imagining six without male issue did not occur to the real maker of a form of will. It occurred as a joke to the copyist of this when dealing with Shakespeare, who had no son, whose daughter had been married for nine years, but had no son.

Anyone who in order to check this point proceeded to consult the print of the will in Sir E. K. Chambers's 'William Shakespeare' (vol. II, p. 173) would find there :

'the said premisses to be & Remaine to my sayed Neece Hall & the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, *and for defalt of issue* to my daughter Judith & the heires Males of her bodie.'

The italics are mine. This quotation would imply that the lands and premises were to pass to Judith and her heirs male only if Elizabeth had no issue at all, but the facsimile printed by Sir E. K. Chambers distinctly contains the word 'such' before 'issue,' making the reading 'male issue,' and both Steevens and Dyce printed the word 'such.' It occurs also in the copy that Greene sent

to West. I repeat that this kind of defect is simply impossible in the case of a legal draftsman. Lawyers understand their work, but the forger did not understand what he was copying.

In the will Shakespeare is declared to be 'in perfect health and memory, God be praised.' The forger blundered in writing this, and if his knowledge had been greater might have adhered to West's form 'sick of body but of good and perfect memory.' The fact is, as Halliwell-Phillipps declared, that no conscientious lawyer of that age would have made such an assertion in a will if it had not been true, and wills of the period are common enough to show that the state of the testator's body was described with bluntness. Whichever way they are taken the words quoted are evidence against the authenticity of the will. If Shakespeare was in good health on March 25, 1616, he would not have signed such a defective deed. If he was in desperate health the will would have said so. This of course has been explained away, but the number of blunders requiring explanation can be attributed only to forgery. I should like to know how many wills besides that of the greatest of poets are hacked, mauled, and disreputable. Lawyers are trained and always were trained to produce accuracy in the smallest details. Shakespeare, who was in perfect health on March 25, lived till April 23, so he could have signed a proper will, and no lawyer with such a bad and discreditable document in his hands would have considered that he had done his duty by his client, or would have run the risk of having his professional reputation ruined in Court.

It seems to me that clear evidence of a forger's weakness of mind appears in the matter of the first bequest to Judith :

'Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my (sonne in L) daughter Judyth One Hundred & ffyftie poundes. . . .'

The portion in brackets has been deleted. This fragmentary reference to a son-in-law must apply to Thomas Quiney, Judith's husband. The deletion implies that Shakespeare at first intended to leave 150*l.* to Quiney and had done so in the first draft. Yet the will provides that 50*l.* of this is to be paid only if Judith surrenders a property to Susanna and her heirs 'for ever,' though the

heirs male alone, including Judith's, were to inherit the main properties. Further, the next portion of the will is intended to show that Shakespeare had no faith in Quiney; yet only at the latest moment did he decide not to leave him 150*l*.

Consider the positive blunder in this :

' I Gyve & bequeath vnto my saied daughter Judith One Hundred & ffyftie Poundes more if shee or Anie issue of her bodie be Lyvinge att thend of three Yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will.'

According to this Shakespeare (with the trained assistance of the lawyer) though in perfect health bequeathed 150*l*. to Judith at the end of three years, though he might have lived thirty. Even a very sick man at the age of fifty-two would expect to recover, whatever others thought. It is a lawyer's business to do these things correctly, and I ascribe the stupidity to a man of a very different type. The forger knew that Shakespeare was dead within a month after the alleged date of the will.

Consider what the position of the daughters and of Mistress Shakespeare would have been under this will. The wife got nothing; Judith was treated with parsimony, and Susanna got most of the inheritance. I should say that the wife would have challenged this will in a court of law and that it would have been set aside. Apart from that, if Susanna was to inherit the bulk of the property it is certain that Shakespeare and the lawyer, and Dr Hall into the bargain, would have taken care that the will should not be a mangled and defective instrument, liable to be disputed and set aside. Judith had a husband to watch her interests, and people in the age of James were far more litigious than people in this age are.

One other point of very particular importance. Shakespeare had an interest, bought for 440*l*., in a portion of the Stratford tithes. This interest, a valuable one, is not specified in the will; nor do I think it is even mentioned. At the end of the will Shakespeare left ' the rest of ' his ' goodes chattels Leases plate Jewels & householde stufte ' to Dr Hall and Susanna. Apparently, therefore, the valuable property in the tithes was conveyed casually among a miscellaneous assortment of goods. I conclude

that the forger did not know of the existence of Shakespeare's property in the tithes.

The will is such a pitiful piece of incompetence that no one has ever ventured to say whether or not the five witnesses to the 'publishing' of the will were witnesses to Shakespeare's signing. The signature of Francis Collyns is, at any rate, on a different slope from that of the others and is clearly intended to indicate a signature. For a long time it was confidently declared that Collyns was the writer of the will, but those who have disproved that \* must surely have experienced some wonder, for apparently they had seen his real signature. In his 'Outlines,' vol. I, p. 231, Halliwell-Phillipps gave without comment a facsimile of Collyns's signature, apparently taken from an authentic document, and as might be expected it is as different from the signature on Shakespeare's will as any two kinds of writing in the same language could be.

For considerations of space I have omitted the discussion of some minor but significant points. Lawyers and scholars have examined this will on the assumption that it is genuine. I am certain that if they proceed to examine it with reasonable suspicion that it might be a forgery many other blunders such as no lawyer would commit will be exposed, and the document will be revealed as the compilation of a forger whose immunity from suspicion has rested on the impudence of his inventions and on the disposition of men to believe that great poets are witless in the conduct of affairs.

ARCHIBALD STALKER.

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\* 'The Year's Work in English Studies,' 1926, p. 119.

## Art. 6—BRAVE NEW WORLD PLANNING.

THE dream of a unified world is no birth of 1940 journalists, novelists, or sanguine politicians ; nor of the men who in good faith launched a League of Nations in 1919 ; nor of Tennyson's aspiration after ' a Parliament of man, a Federation of the world,' nor Milton's Nativity Ode prophecy, ' no war, or battle's sound, was heard the world around,' It appeared in Sir Thomas More's ' Utopia ' and among medieval thinkers, whose actual world lent them more hope of its structural possibility than perhaps we can always feel. Dante in his ' De Monarchia ' (book 1, p. 54) pleaded with the emerging mood of nationalism (the old-style form of ' self-determination ') to think but once again, to retrace its steps :

' O race of men, by how great storms and losses, by how great shipwrecks have you of necessity been vexed since you (transformed into a beast of many heads) have been struggling different ways, sick in understanding, sick in heart. The higher Intellect, with its invincible reasons, you reckon not of ; nor even of the inferior, with its eye of experience ; nor of Affection, with the sweetness of Divine suasion when the trumpet of the Spirit sounds in you, " how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity " .'

Indeed, the historic archetype of all millennial hope is in the New Testament itself, a culmination of the previous Messianic prophecies. The strength of *that* was that it had a theocratic basis, considerable doctrinal and historical backing, and a tenacious, rapidly growing, organised body of believers living and working for it irrespective of local, temporal political loyalties. So, though it never had quite *become* (despite a near approach, like the Holy Roman Empire awhile in the West), at least it was always *becoming*. The ' City of God,' from Augustine to Luther, was anyhow never despaired of. As a temporal prospect it was invariably joined vitally to an indestructible, non-temporal, spiritual hope and experience.

Nothing so tough and concrete as that, unluckily, is on the agenda of our new world-orderers to-day, who look for an outer order and ignore the inner mental disorder, and whose programmes may therefore become souvenir

programmes. We are given blue-prints of 'possible worlds'—and impossible; and a super-state which may involve sub-men as its citizens: as though the evil of the totalitarianisms, which are the nuisances to-day, were to be exorcised by a far bigger if different totalitarianism, implemented it seems by a Samurai of technicians, teachers, administrators, and humanist ideologists. The rosy prospectuses increase upon us. The idea that 'progress' *must* be is a singularly arbitrary one. It is the Christian hope which took a side-turning some time before the French Revolution. The sole thing to be said for it is that it is preferable to hopelessness. But it is appearing now in schemes of reconstruction, couched sometimes in that woolly phraseology which makes little appeal to neutrals or allies, and is, indeed, regarded with suspicion. In 1919 self-determination spelt salvation—until unscrupulous *real-politik* used it as a jemmy to disrupt the peace. To-day the easy word to do conjuring with is 'federal union,' a good idea *as* an idea, but obviously a confession of the failure of the previous good idea in the absence of morals to make it function!

The great historians, whenever they have reflected on the lessons of history, have expressed themselves similarly to Froude in 'The English in the West Indies' on *all* conceivable forms of union, federation, or co-operation whatever: '*Before a beginning can be made, a conviction is needed that society's life has other objects besides present human interests and conveniences.*' Just there is the reef on which all secular and humanitarian and formalist 'solutions' split and founder. They have nothing to invoke—nothing except the motives of expedience, the danger of war, the obvious need for social self-preservation. These motives have notoriously failed. They have even failed to impress men and civilisations sufficiently to prevent war by Japan, by Germany, and by Russia: war totalitarian, ruthless, and undeclared—although for five or more years the world's speeches and Press have been full of sombre certainty that modern warfare would be 'the end of civilisation' (an emotional exaggeration). Thus the universal appeal to fear, expedience, enlightened selfishness, 'world-citizenship,' and the whole gamut of secular, rationalist ideas has proved vain. Mankind, it is plain, is not to be

controlled by man-made prohibitions—other than force by indignant Powers.

The Pope's recent Encyclical and Christmas allocution, the King's Christmas-day words to the Empire, the Prime Minister's and Lord Halifax's speeches, Cardinal Hinsley's and the Archbishop of Canterbury's, have, reassuringly, seized this essence of the matter. The views, on the other hand, of Mr Attlee, Mr H. G. Wells, Mr Herbert Morrison, and Sir Archibald Sinclair have been democratically orthodox, liberal, and earnest, but have not got under the skin of external forms and formulæ, of human and legal contrivances. They are skirting the unreliable outworks and do not deal with the citadel; they speak incessantly of gear, but not of the furnace and motive-power to propel it. It would appear from them that all is to be done by the very same verbal and paper factors which have issued in—what we see and have seen since sanguine 1920. Professor R. H. Tawney is surely right in saying that the 'liberal' period better deserves the name 'age of faith' than the age usually so termed; only, it is less real faith than anxiety and distrust dissembled. It is the *simplist* outlook of amiable ameliorists like Bentham, Malthus, Carpenter, and utilitarians. Can such surface-thinking tinctured with good will cope with subtler, profounder evils of lawlessness—the bad will? Mr Wells, it is true, carries it one apparent step further than the hopeful leftists when he cries unceasingly for 'education.' That is nearer the cure; but it waits on the prior question, what kind of education? The kind which he has in mind is merely a repetition of that morally neutral and neuter kind which has already been fairly widely diffused and has shown bankruptcy. It has just the same helpless basis of 'common sense,' self-interest, human convenience, and 'collective security' as interpreted by those of his way of life. It smells of mortality.

Now, one need not say how much to be preferred is this secular-liberal outlook to the dæmonic-destructive ones of Stalin and Hitler, believing in *their* sinister world-mission. But respectability is not in question. The point is, can mere decent opinions (worldly and naturalistic) ultimately beat passionate evil religions? No; only a better and stronger religion can do that over any



long-date test. 'He thinks justly, but thinks faintly' (Johnson's remark on Addison) expresses the limitation of our new empirics. They do not engage or fire the heart and soul: it is all head-work, and not very deep head-work. Mildly they resemble Hitler and Stalin in this—that they have 'no use' for the eldest Force in our world, Christianity, which canonises law and mutual faith, the sacredness of personality, family, subordinate freedoms, brotherhood, the vow and contract, and other august values; the Force which begot these and still *alone* renders a final reason for believing in them. Their views, seen divorced from revealed religion, are arbitrary 'uplift,' personal taste, private mood from which all other temperaments have a right to differ, and will differ, on the same unreasoned grounds of prejudice or feeling as *they* stand on. They do not recognise their worldly religion, the source and sanction of all their big aspirational thinking. It is grotesque. Democracy hardly knows its own mother apparently. It is not sure whether it was brought into the world by Magna Carta or Cromwell or Rousseau and the French Revolution or Robert Owen or John Stuart Hill or Marx! Yet every birth-mark on its body, every primary in its creed was learned at quite another knee, where men were first coherently and authoritatively taught—as revelation, as indispensable—the infinite worth of any soul, the dignity of woman and childhood, the one-ness of Jew, Greek, barbarian, slave, or free in Christ, the stewardship of the powerful, and the rights of the weak. The profoundest revolution of all was—revelation.

Of course minds like Santayana, R. H. Tawney, Havelock Ellis, Gilbert Murray, and J. Middleton Murry realise these vital antecedents, but our more talkative sages, provisional thinkers, and journalists rarely admit them. Hence that alarming feebleness of touch in their war and peace manifestoes, which shirk reasons and doctrines, shirk outlines and vertebræ, and appear (especially to the vivid Continental mind in the midst of the clash of hell with mansoul) to be based on sentiment, apprehension, or personal whim. They are good fellows who don't know their bases. Far truer than Nurse Cavell's testimony about patriotism is this: 'Democracy is not enough.' Even the word has been thumbed to

ignoble use (in Russia, Spain, and elsewhere) ; while the thing itself, I repeat, is confused as to its origins, rationale, and ultimate authority on the mind.

'No doubt the democratic ideal has left its wholesome mark,' says Ellis ; 'but no serious thinker now looks there for any sort of human salvation.' One of the fathers of the Spanish revolution, Ortega y Gasset, in 'The Revolt of the Masses' defines the lower-class man—whose vertical invasion from beneath has been the feature of the last forty years or so—as the proclaimer of the rights of the commonplace, who standardises it, and would eliminate, ignore, or silence the creative minority. The higher type is he who disciplines himself, mind and soul, for the service of great ends beyond himself, and even beyond society as we know it. General Hertzog declares that the future must not be delivered up to democracy, since the average level of intelligence is not high enough ; and there is no ground to believe that the mere extension of schooling can raise the mind of a nation or eliminate self-interest. General Smuts and Mr Eden have hinted similar hesitations. One doubts whether the typical spokesman of what he calls democracy suspects that his goals and values are essentially meagre and mediocre ; and by their naive temporalism and cultural, spiritual poverty shock many minds which otherwise are just as democratic as they, but claim the right to be other and finer things as well.

Such a philosophy and mentality cannot possibly draft a world-order which will appeal to the very different vision of races, types, and schools of thought which would regard that as a culturally retrograde step, suitable for 'tame villatic fowl,' producing an inorganic, unwholesome sameness, in which the higher nature is made to feel superfluous and the *man* is sacrificed to the citizen, the mere social function, or standards of utility. It would be a change of the species, and for the worse : comparable to a loss of instinct in a domesticated, over-controlled animal. Even by the base utilitarian's standard it is a loss of efficiency : witness the pitiable performance, on all planes, of the communised Russians' bungling attempt on a people one fortieth their number. They have paid over their manhood for an ideological 'world-State' and have not got anything in return. Notice also the

inferiority of the German ability at sea, compared even with the last war : regulation, propaganda, and the pressure of the bureaucratic state-idea have taken some *tone* out of their sailors, and perhaps out of their airmen ; the effect on the land has yet to be seen. *Any* rigorous totalitarianism (called democratic, socialist, communist, or autocratic) will have this effect in time upon the resilience of the inmost fighting spirit.

The values to stress, therefore, are freedom, with discipline, personal character, room for spontaneity, and the spiritual. These can exist under a good monarchy, a good republic, a good oligarchy or democracy—under any form *except* one with a lust for inspecting, pruning, and managing the individual to the prejudice of his initiative and autonomy. Any state-form can encourage a fine quality humanity, indeed (and that is its sole justification), so long as it does not 'get above itself' and run men's lives for them, does not displace religion and attempt itself to usurp that place. Our writers who are most voluble against 'forms' in religion or against historic national ceremonial are, amusingly enough, idolators of *political* formalism and quite helplessly suppose that some pet form of theirs is the panacea. It is shallow misreading of man's nature and history. An indifferently drafted constitution can be run by good and able men so as to achieve noble characters, happiness, and prosperity, because virtue makes good any mere paper flaws ; whereas an alleged 'fool-proof' instrument of government never is fool-proof, still less knave-proof.

Character, first and always ; mechanisms last—that is the secret of proportion in surveying man and politics. Never be seduced into judging a man by his verbal professions and appearances alone—nor a nation by the ticket on its administration-form. Yet this credulous, ingenuous habit is a plague of much of our discussion and impulsive taking of sides. An emanation of hell like Stalinism 'gets away with it,' in the modern idiom, by wearing the domino of 'democracy' till the unnatural pretence wearied it ; and the 'national socialist' façade took many in, as was intended, till the unchanging Prussianism in it struck in the classic wicked way at its same victims, Austrian, Bohemian, Slovak, Pole, and French. National temperament and spiritual

character remain recognisable and decisive through many generations; by comparison, these fashionable 'ocracies and 'isms are as transient phantoms as Yuletide decorations. They are putty in the hands of *real-politik* or of national feeling. It is childish to pay too much attention to them. As the best reasoner is he who knows the limits of reason, so the wisest statesmen recognise the sharp limitations of political and economic categories. They know the metaphysical is as essentially human as the physical; the heart, as well as the head, has its world; the soul, a grander life than the senses. The Church-idea (as Nietzsche, of all men, insisted) is as necessary as the state-idea, and 'in all circumstances nobler.' Fabians and economists and theorising technologists, who are nothing more, cannot see this. In other words, talking of Man, they 'do not know what they are talking about' literally. The soul has become an irrational taboo among some modern viewy wordlings, but for all that it is the reservoir of all world-changing and world-preserving forces. Any and every outer system is utterly at the mercy of the quality of the souls that superintend it, and is made or marred by those souls and by those souls alone.

What binding, moving, stirring, or lovable European (or world) Idea is going to enlist our energies and thaw our egotisms? Economics or Religion? Legal devices or great characters? *Politically* men will perhaps never produce anything better than the League of Nations, about which one speaks in hushed tones not knowing whether it is defunct, merely recuperating, or unjustly slandered. It never failed on functional or structural grounds; it was ingenious, democratic, dramatically given to free-speech, well-advertised, heavily endowed, with an enormous useful technical service. Nay, it even had its successes. It failed, frankly, because its foundations were legalist, secular, and of this earth. The idea in it had not spiritual appeal, moral authority, or imaginative hold on the stormy wills of men—nor even on some of good will who cannot take our angle on all questions, and to whom our Reform Bill is indifferent, Mill on 'Liberty' a name, Morley on 'Compromise' not a bible, Marx a crashing bore, and Mr Wells and Mr Shaw not pontiffs. It could appeal to no Beyond, to

nothing behind, to nothing higher than itself, no deeper ultimate; only to the prejudice of decency and good form (where it exists), to the supposed 'universal' but in reality capricious sense of self-interest—fragile inhibitions wafted aside by any man's or nation's passions or mistaken notions of destiny and conduct.

There are now sitting at roll-top desks and in libraries and studies publicists and sociologists armed with fountain-pens and a simplified mental model of 'Man,' hoping to inflict on us the systems they are fabricating. 'Federal union' (at the moment) is the 'boss word.' But 'World-Brain' is a runner-up. No mention, you observe, of the deciding factors—the soul of man, 'the higher Intellect,' and 'Affection' I cited from Dante; the absolute claim of revelation, truth, and worship upon millions of men; the secondary place of this world in the judgment of many; the scorn which many entertain for any communal machinery which does not envisage 'the holy,' 'the beloved community.'

No future order will last which is not viewed as *sacred* by a vast majority who have to live under it. It will have to be loved and valued as England (or other *patria*) now is; as one's religion is; or one's family, personality, and liberty. A wave of moral conviction, and therefore first of spiritual vision, must pass over many nations before such a greater home for men comes out of the clouds—or out of the pigeonholes. It must be a birth, not a piece of carpentering. It will need a soul breathing into it from the start. Below a certain temperature it will not get born. Why, then, pretend? Why play terminological tig? It is too easy to preach an internationalism that is mere denationalisation. The harder Christian way is the safer; universalism by way of family, district, nation, your nation's friends and associates, Europe, Christendom—and *then* the world; not omitting or slurring a single one of these precious unities in the process. Our ally, France, is quietly sceptical of abstraction-mongers, and more modestly but firmly demands 'material guarantees' against brute Force; close friendship with the British Commonwealth, with America, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Turkey—and as many others as possible; but no strained, over-weening commitments and grandiose programmes. Let this grow, if it can, into the compre-

hensive order; but you will not *start* with the cosmic whole. It would need Messiah to inaugurate that rule, and France does not recognise such a divine figure in our Fabians and opposition lights, who have not much worldly wisdom (witness their callow mistakes in politics in the last two years), and still less other-worldly knowledge.

What *hold* is there on the conscience of States? The sense of the sacred, 'the idea of the holy,' as Otto calls it, has slumped especially in talkative quarters. That explains our disintegration. Philistines have disenchanted words like honour, piety, greatness. How many have conviction of responsibility to that which is above society, even despite society? Millions see through the *vox populi*; *vox Dei* nonsense without seeing the transcendent Being which makes it nonsense. What are the credentials of a world-bureau? No person of intellect can add up state-votes and call the result a synthetic god. (One remembers those 'institutes of public opinion' which collect answers to questionnaires from the multitude, on subjects of which they know and can know little or nothing. Though verdicts change week by week, they are presumed to be right none the less.) This is in many quarters the modern substitute for authority. Even our autocracies had half-believing modern proletariats to deal with, and so had to invoke force—not having the spiritual authority of shared beliefs and eternal sanctions to stand upon. Peoples incur Stalins and Hitlers (and utopian dreamers, a milder breed) when they acquiesce in the loss of the older, venerated motive-forces. The human swarm has to be kept together somehow; and if they don't want theocracy, they will get autocracy, or its more diffused and camouflaged version, democracy. If they are untenacious of allegiance to the Unseen, strong wills see to it that they shall be conscripted to work for the Seen. If they cease to be good for God's sake, well, 'the resources of civilisation are not exhausted'—there are always the police and there are always economic penalties. The machine rolls on, with not great apparent difference. But it is, biologically and spiritually, of another and lower grade altogether: its *motives* are different, its sensations and objective also. The beehive gets on without the spirit; so does the ant-heap, the pack,

the herd, and the flock. And so can societies of men—on condition that they waive the higher faculties and become things of earth, time, and biological process simply.

The disturbing fact is, however, that while this can be done temporarily, *awakenings* and revolts arrive to break these semi-animal routines and automatisms. Thinkers and seers, often by a mere word—words like robot, mass-man, yes-man, barbarian, philistine, bourgeois, proletarian, wage-slave, servile state, the skin game, surplus man or surplus woman—flash a sudden beam upon the essential *degradation* of the material and materialist existence. His soul, long asleep, feels betrayed. He finds his materialist benefactors out. They have forgotten his mysterious dignity, simply as being a free, reflecting, self-conscious individuality; a spirit, and no mere producer, consumer, voter, or instrument of the many-headed.

Then it is, and with the best types of men, that this incessant talk of 'the world,' society, nation, and politics evokes a rebellion. He sees *the* truth within all half-truths, that each conscious identity is a separate endeavour, a miniature expedition, an individual effort. It is 'an adventure of the soul among' good and evil. Communal life is put back where it belongs, into the sphere of *means*, not ends; and communal theories into a third or fourth place. 'The riddle of man's nature,' said Froude (following Goethe, Lotze, and Hoffding), 'will remain unsolved by material science. There will be that in him yet which physical laws will fail to explain—that something in himself and in the world which science cannot fathom, and which suggests the unknown possibilities of his origin and his destiny. There will remain

" Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things;  
Fallings from us, vanishings—  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised ".

What business has any tyro, unaware of these realists, to presume to govern man—the mankind of whom he knows only a minor part? Especially as the gospels of



comfort, the good time, the stream-lined, efficient social mechanism, and the humanitarian types of socialism, are having an exceedingly thin time, challenged by more violent energies. Especially, too, as man 'needs a holy community,' a collective life he can feel to have innate worth, above mere convenience and dividends of pleasure. It is put for contemporary statesmen admirably in the recent Encyclical: 'Where the dependence of human right upon the divine right is denied, where appeal is made only to some insecure idea of a merely human authority and an autonomy is claimed which rests only upon a utilitarian morality, there human law itself will justly forfeit (in its more weighty application) the moral force which is the essential condition for its acknowledgment, and also for its demand for sacrifices.'

Societies so based on temporal foundations alone can at times attain material and cognate success, but soon inevitable law triumphs and strikes down all that has been so constructed. An individual's earthly power—a State's or a World Super-State's—not associated with the love and reverence of mankind is always doomed and dated. Judged by the span of centuries, all mundane combinations and States are transient; but those live longest which, with the obvious practical virtue, join the supreme insurance—conscious subordination to the eternal order and the immutable Being. Thus, profound fore-runners of ours (as our philosophic poet says), 'to guard against the shocks, the fluctuation and the decay in all things—

" Embodied and established these high truths

In solemn institutions. . . .

There lies the channel and original bed

From the beginning hollowed out and scooped

For man's affections—else betrayed and lost ".

'Lost' is the word. It is what happens to enthusiasms for temporal devices which terminate in themselves or in anything not harnessed to the further aims in our deeper nature. This is part of that externalism which says 'Lo here!' and 'Lo there!' when the secret is mainly internal: 'The kingdom is within you.' The entire mundane political business hinges on virtue, which can be analysed into conscientiousness, sympathy,

self-disciplines, moral insight, and 'enduring as seeing the invisible.' It is these that 'make the world go round,' and not exterior tools and servants like state-mechanisms, which are good servitors and bad masters ; conveniences and not ends. It is these realities which have been revealed by the great founders of religion, notably by the Greatest—who therefore have been more formative than any statesmen or conquerors. It is these which have been proclaimed by the Greek thinkers, by Cicero (on the Nature of the Gods, and his political orations), by Augustine, Dante, Burke, and others. Mankind cannot sink further when it loses its God and its 'divinity' in obeisance to these impersonal *things*, and hands itself over, a bound victim and zealot, to the caucus, the bureaucracy, the outer regime. He might just as reasonably make a god and an end of the Office of Works, the City Corporation, the National Trust, or the Institute of Sanitary Engineers, which, like the State, are invented by man (and therefore his creatures) to advance his highest personal good, and not to mutilate or stunt his nature.

Great and good achievements are not officially inspired, by law, resolution, or orders. The springs of noble works and thoughts are difficult to analyse ; but the force by which man throws a valuable, world-improving deed out of himself is interior, invisible, and mystical, like that which causes fruit and blossom in our visible experience. The motives men may urge for their enterprises are often insufficient to have prompted daring and originality. They did it from a great spiritual quickening and moral exaltation in them. The inspiration 'is as the wind : thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth ; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit.' Regulations can cramp or deflect this perennial current, but cannot create. When a government talks of 'encouraging' genius or nobleness, it only means that it will try not to discourage them, and offer 'inducements,' which may adulterate the motive or at best try to prevent the miscarriage of a genius like Keats through untoward material circumstance. National or international organisation can no more produce positive goodness than the Royal Academy can create artistic genius or the Thames Conservancy Board can beget the

tidal force of the Thames. Let our zealots for everything except the soul and its interests imbibe the lesson of science, that organisation cannot generate life, but that life generates organisation. The same fallacy prevails about the machinery of schools. From the humblest enthusiast of the early primary schools up to Mr Wells with his religion of 'educate men in biology, history, and geography,' it is assumed in defiance of disappointment that a secular curriculum will somehow redeem man from evil passions. What more technically, biologically educated community is there than Germany? That is the devastating answer. Knowledge is what our great poet of the scientific era called it, 'a wild Pallas of the brain,' if divorced 'from wisdom, faith, and charity.' We can not save man by use of the globes. Technology will not change hearts. Embryology and hygiene will not eliminate the wicked or aggressive. 'Let knowledge grow from more to more—but more of Reverence in us dwell; that mind and soul, according well, may make one music. . . .'

Education—in the scandalously limited, materialist, utilitarian sense of the word, the modern sense—is nought. It improves such brains as are improvable; but brains are only in a very minor degree relevant to our universal ills. A scientifically proficient man or society can be a vulgarian and a danger, *and frequently is both, because of his education.* An accomplished politician with his surface dialectic is powerful for mischief and suffering, rarely for enduring good. It is safer if he has 'principles': but even with principles, he may well be a scamp and a subtle disintegrator if he be not in himself a *good character.* The God of the copy-book maxims is inscribing these truths in blood and upheaval now from horizon to horizon. 'The fate of *homo sapiens*' depends exclusively on his answer to the interrogations—Will he have mercy and moderation, will he cultivate *pietas, simplicitas, unitas*, will he cherish the interior and the family virtues as well as public, will he keep faith with himself and man and woman; and will he walk humbly with his God, and feel his responsibility to his higher nature and the Creator of it?

If you or I were called to administer a society with this rich inner code and spiritual instinct, then, though

we had not a centralised 'World-Brain' to govern from, we must inevitably make a finer world of it than, say, the gifted and sincere Mr Wells *with* that 'World-Brain' but with a human race unregenerate and of the world worldly.

Able and articulate men like him, and the thousands less able, must realise that the distorting perils of our world—Bolshevism, Nazism, militarism, etc.—are definable as the *political machine which is nothing else*, animated, as Tennyson foresaw, by a 'Godless, Christless, love-less code' and raised by crowd-fervour to the place of *religions*. To roll back this tide of Belial and Moloch, you must conjure a *stronger* religion, not the thin gruel of secularism, the pitifully ineffectual answer of scientific instruction, or the panacea of pedagogy. We can only displace them and beat them with a *truer* religion; and, to vary the emphasis, a *truer religion*. This will not have the local, sectarian appeal of 'democracy' and such terms; it will enter older, instinctive reaches of man's being, forcing the passages of heart and imagination by love, authority, and ultimate conceptions. It must at least have the penetrative and elemental appeal of Christmas, Easter, love, works of mercy, the new life, the inescapable mysteries of life and death; its lyrical and devotional side, its doctrinal and regulative. It will thus speak the language of universality as well as of sacred privacy and individuality. It will flow over frontiers and artificial human divisions, constrained to do so by clearer sight and mightier inner compulsions. An idyllic 'liberalism' will not do (in any case, most societies actively show contempt for it), with its scraps and echoes from Fabian pamphlets, the London School of Economics, and the League of Nations Union; not even with the eloquent advocacy of Mr Wells added and the inconsequent scoldings of Mr Shaw. It does not begin to understand this alarming world; nor the 'powers of good and powers of ill, shedding balm or strewing poison in the fountains of the will'; nor sin and sanctity, love and hate, bereavement and ecstasy, and all our heavens and hells. It is a sheltered, indoors ideology wedded to the un-heroic. It *talks* of evolution, but sets itself against spiritual evolution and the right of souls to an immeasurable future evolution. It is powerless to save Man as were the scribes, sadducees, and lawyers.

Men absolutely (by their very structure) need someone and something to revere, to serve, to look up to. If not God and his revealed likeness, then Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, or a projected ego called Nation or Race. In comparison with these, 'world-brains' in any election will forfeit their deposit-money, as misfits and irrelevancies morally and psychologically. But all these human pseudo-solutions alike break down. 'Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.' A poor thing, without his higher Environment and Completer.

Merely to look at the august catena of seers, Plato, Paul, Plotinus, Augustine, Dante, Milton, Bacon, Burke, Pascal, and a thousand others who see 'far into the life of things,' into the forests and seas of the human mind and heart, and some way into the purposes of God, is to see the pathetic thinness and cheapness of theories which aim, through mechanisms and formulæ at 'collective security,' 'a good time,' and 'prosperity' as all-explaining, all-justifying ends. Always, the most living and perceptive elements in the human race will not have a system eviscerated of the great compensating realities and ennobling experiences.

The wild drama will proceed and ships of State will rock against each other in the same bad visibility till they find the only competent pilotage and the only properly constructed compass. Man is a deep-sea creature, built for quite another voyage than those propose for him who discuss him as if he were a crustacean or a time-bound, earth-bound, higher animal—mere *Homo sapiens*.

W. J. BLYTON.

**Art. 7.—THE REFORM OF CRIMINAL LAW ADMINISTRATION.**

A CRIMINAL court has two functions, each clearly distinct from the other. They are (a) the ascertainment of the guilt or innocence of the accused and (b) the determination of sentence where guilt has been established. Each of these functions is both difficult and important. When they are badly performed the result is not only hardship to an individual defendant but an injury to the State. For the moment, however, I am concerned less with their importance and difficulty than with the differences between the two functions of a court. My purpose is to focus attention first upon the considerable differences in the quality of mind and training necessary for the efficient performance by a judge of each of the two functions, and secondly upon the degree of competence with which under our existing judicial system each function is to-day discharged. Moreover, in this inquiry I confine myself to consideration of those criminal courts over which professional lawyers preside, and I propose to use the generic word judge when referring either to a judge of Assize, a Recorder, or a stipendiary magistrate.

If a judge is to be competent to decide between the guilt or innocence of an accused—or in the higher criminal courts to guide a jury in their ascertainment of facts—he must possess certain qualities of mind and definite legal training. Indeed, such qualities and range of knowledge make in the aggregate a formidable list. Integrity, intelligence, and impartiality are obvious requirements. Patience is another essential, since without judicial patience a tiresome witness or bewildered prisoner may be hurried into incoherence or omission. Courtesy is desirable towards counsel, but again essential in the case of witnesses whom a petulant and irritable judge may deter from giving the full force of their testimony. Firmness is another necessity, since weakness in a judge allows uncertainty if not worse abuses to creep into a trial. In the same way the dignity of the bench is something more than picturesque adornment of a court: a trial conducted without decorum fails to impress spectators with the feeling that every effort is being made to ensure that

justice shall be done; the place for a comedian is the stage, not the judicial bench.

So far I have spoken only of qualities of mind. But more than these are necessary for the adequate performance even of the first function of the determination of guilt. A judge must have, for example, a thorough knowledge not only of criminal law but of the law of evidence. Without the former he cannot understand the constituent elements of an offence and without the latter he cannot perform a primary judicial duty, the exclusion of all inadmissible evidence. In addition a judge must have a sufficient combination of logic and common sense to enable him to make reasonable deductions from the evidence, and in the higher courts he needs to possess such a command of language that he can sum up difficult and involved facts in a manner to make them intelligible to a jury. Finally, if a judge is to be thoroughly efficient, he needs to have good hearing and good eyesight.

So far as the first function of a court is concerned we may then summarise the matter by saying that a judge must have certain rare judicial qualities of mind as well as definite legal knowledge. It will be generally agreed that in these two respects no serious criticism of the judicial authorities of this country can be sustained. Individual mistakes in appointment may sometimes occur, but the great care which is exercised by those whose duty it is to appoint judges and magistrates is sufficient to ensure that the lofty standard of the English bench is maintained. Moreover, judges are selected from the ranks of active barristers whose professional education and practice provides necessarily the technical equipment of legal knowledge which is required. Even in those instances in which judges have been appointed to the bench from such specialised practices as the Commercial or the Parliamentary Bar there is no serious criticism of their knowledge of criminal law by the time they go on circuit or sit at the Central Criminal Court. Finally, the great judicial traditions of this country make the office of a judge greater than the man who sits upon the bench. The type of man who is made a judge in England sets himself in his private life an honourable standard of truth, humanity, and impartial judgment: I believe he sets himself a standard even higher upon the bench, in that he would recoil from



any conscious deviation, however small, from what justice demands.

We see therefore that men of the highest probity are alone appointed to the bench, and that prior to their appointment these men have necessarily acquired that technical training which is called for in the determination of the guilt or innocence of accused persons. It is for these reasons not a matter for surprise that in our courts this function should be performed not only adequately but admirably. Critics may insist that judicial mistakes are made. Such an argument proves only that judges are human beings. Broadly speaking, it remains true that for the proper performance of this function certain attributes of character and certain forms of knowledge are required by judges, and that our existing system under which judges are appointed both recognises the need and provides what is required.

Let us turn now to the second function of a criminal court, the decision upon sentence, and let it be here remembered that in this matter the judge acts alone, without the assistance of a jury or consultation with a colleague. In this business of the choice of treatment of an offender is it sufficient that a judge should possess the same characteristics and knowledge that we have seen to be necessary for the first function, the determination of guilt? With all possible emphasis I would answer: 'No; it is not sufficient. If the work is to be properly done, then entirely different attributes and qualifications are essential.' Apart from such obvious matters as personal integrity and so on, to which I have already alluded, I would suggest the four following requirements are necessary if judges are to select the best possible treatment out of the many available.

1. A judge should be of a calm, unemotional temperament, with an understanding of the frailties of human nature, and with a considerable knowledge of social conditions.

This point needs little elaboration. One would not expect wise sentences from a judge who, for example, was a fanatical teetotaller or from one who lost all self control and all common sense when confronted with a crime of sex.

2. A judge should be aware of the details and circumstances both of the offence and of the offender.

This point too is obvious enough. No judge could pass sentence after learning the bare fact that a prisoner had stolen five shillings. The circumstances of the theft might aggravate the offence ; the prisoner might have assaulted a child to take the money. Similarly, the details of the prisoner might make the case better or worse ; he might be a man with a long criminal record or a first offender who had stolen when desperate with hunger.

3. A judge should clearly understand the proper purpose of legal punishment.

Various theories have been advanced as to the right object of legal sanctions : deterrence, expiation, prevention, the protection of society, reformation of the offender, and retribution are examples of alternative suggestions which have been made, and indeed are still being made. Some of these purposes are mutually inconsistent ; a particular punishment might therefore be wise if one of these suggested purposes is the correct one and the same punishment might be completely wrong if that purpose is mistaken. For example, where a young man commits a serious crime if deterrence is the main object to bear in mind a judge may be bound to inflict a heavy sentence, but if reformation is the right purpose of legal sanctions he might think it best to put him under the care of a doctor or of a probation officer. It will surely be conceded without dispute that legal punishments should have *some* systematic purpose, and it is therefore self-evident that judges should know what that purpose is. Otherwise judges may habitually impose sentences in an endeavour to attain an object which greater knowledge of penology would show them to be dangerous or wrong.

4. A judge should be familiar with the nature and potentialities for good and for evil of each of the punishments which the law places at his disposal.

It is clear that a judge must know what punishments are available to him : it needs no argument to show that he cannot make the wisest selection of treatment if he is ignorant of the existence of some of the alternatives from which his choice has to be made. But, in my submission, another point is equally clear, although it is not at present equally realised and accepted, either by the public or by the judiciary. That further point is that a judge must

have expert understanding of the various forms of punishment if he is to use them wisely and successfully. Thus, for example, imprisonment is a legal sanction which the criminal courts use in many thousands of cases every year. Every person with intimate knowledge of prisons and of prisoners—such as prison officials, members of discharged prisoners aid committees, chaplains, medical officers, and unofficial visitors to prisoners—becomes aware of certain facts. As instances of what I mean, he learns that some types of prisoners (e.g. adolescents) are almost always harmed by a prison sentence, that some types of sentence (e.g. the very short sentence) do good in perhaps 25 per cent. of cases and are either completely useless or do grave harm in the remainder, and that the urge towards some types of crime (e.g. abnormal sex offences) is not eliminated or deterred but is intensified by confinement in prison in rather more than one half the persons now sent to prison for such crimes. These are very elementary matters of prison experience. They serve, however, to show that without understanding of imprisonment judges may and probably will mistakenly commit lads to prison, pass sentences injuriously short, and send persons guilty of abnormalities not to a doctor who can sometimes cure them but to a gaoler who will make them worse.

Let me give another illustration. Probation is a form of treatment very commonly used in the criminal courts. Twenty-five years ago the system of probation was in its infancy. Persons were put on probation more or less experimentally. To-day there are available the results of long years of experience. It is shown that the success or failure of probation is more likely to be determined by the individuality of the offender than by the degree of gravity of his offence. Statistics show that in certain cases failure is almost certain. An experienced officer knows that in others there is a very high probability of success. If a judge is prepared to give time and trouble to the study of the probation system he too can train his judgment in these matters. He will be enabled to select cases more likely to respond; more important still, he will be enabled to discern that certain offenders whom he now ruins by sending to prison could safely be put on probation, to the benefit both of themselves and of the community. Such illustrations could be multiplied in-

definitely. We would be shocked if we found a physician who dispensed medicines of which he did not know the component parts. I hope I have said enough to show the danger of dreadful mistakes which arises when a judge dispenses punishments of which he knows nothing but the names.

To recapitulate, therefore, I venture to take it as proved that a judge is unfitted to pass sentences, or at least is gravely handicapped in passing sentences, unless (1) he is of a calm, judicial temperament and a man of the world ; (2) he knows all about the prisoner as well as about his crime ; (3) he understands the proper object of legal punishment ; and (4) he understands the real nature of the punishment which he is imposing. Let us briefly examine how far our existing system ensures that professional judges shall be possessed of these qualifications and knowledge.

1. THE JUDGES.—I hope I shall not be considered impertinent if I say that under this head serious or, to be more accurate, general criticism is impossible. Exceptionally, mistakes occur. I have myself appeared before two judges of Assize, both now dead, who were in my view unfit to pass sentence. One was a man of exceptional piety who became quite unbalanced during the hearing of any sex case. The other, a brilliant product of the commercial court and a lay preacher on Sundays, knew everything about law but nothing about men. Similarly, not quite all stipendiaries have precisely those qualities of patience, humanity, and wisdom which their exacting work requires.

2. THE PRISONERS.—During the hearing of a case, or after the verdict or the plea of Guilty, every possible information is available to the court as to the details of an offence. The judge learns the amount of property stolen to the last sixpence, the precise manner of the theft or of the assault, as the case may be, and every detail of time and place. If no more were necessary to enable a judge to pass sentence than to learn exactly what an offender had done wrong, then our existing system would amply provide all that is needed. But in fact if a judge is to be of the maximum service to the community by the manner in which he treats offenders he must take far greater heed of why the man before him has committed a

crime than of the precise detail of the crime itself: he must concentrate upon the offender rather than upon the offence. It is difficult for those without an intimate knowledge of offenders to realise that in so many cases the crime is not typical of the criminal. The crime is one of many acts committed in a set of circumstances which may never occur again. People are too apt to assume without adequate inquiry that the act is necessarily typical of the man and that he is in the habit of committing it whenever opportunity arises. Again, it is often a mere accident beyond the control of a burglar which determines whether he steals ten pounds or a hundred pounds worth of property: the thing which matters is why he entered a house to steal at all. In this more important respect of the motives and personality of an offender the information made available to a judge is less full and satisfactory than that which is laid before him regarding the details of the offence. It is true that the police, wherever they are able to do so, make a sincere attempt to tell the court all about the man in the dock. With scrupulous accuracy they report the number, dates, and character of previous convictions and sentences, his education, his various employments, whether he is single or married and the number of his children, and anything further which may be known to them about him.

It is right to add that the police are not less anxious to say anything to a man's credit than to his discredit. Most certainly, there is no deliberate or conscious unfairness towards a convicted prisoner. Nevertheless the system could and in my view should be very greatly improved. There may be difference of opinion as to the exact method of improvement to be adopted, but that some change of system should be introduced will surely be agreed if the following facts are borne in mind. The police are impossibly handicapped in framing a report. Of necessity they must confine themselves to bare facts. They can make little or no attempt to gauge character, motive, or temptation—the very matters which are most vital for a judge to learn. If they were to make any such attempt it must be remembered that this is skilled work and that the police have never the training and seldom the aptitude to perform it. Moreover, such inquiries as are made by police officers are very often carried out in a hostile

atmosphere from neighbours or others antagonistic to the police and reluctant to help them. The result inevitably is the mere skeleton of a story instead of the revealing human document which it might and should be. Yet if the judge is to be in a position to deal fairly and adequately with the man before him in the dock he must be provided with the fullest and most skilled report. No man can get a true picture of another merely by looking at him as he stands in the dock. Indeed, in that situation it is generally true that a bad man shows to the greatest advantage, a good man to the worst. To say this is not the plea of sentimentalism, but of common sense and of experience. Incidentally, with more ample information than is now available many a rogue who receives a sentence of twelve months would be safely put away for five years.

Again I could multiply almost indefinitely illustrations of the failure of existing practice, but I will be content with two cases, both of which are within my own experience. In the first case a judge of Assize after hearing the customary police report upon a prisoner sentenced him to three years' penal servitude. During the luncheon interval a prison official courageously waited upon the judge in his private room and told him of certain facts not mentioned by the police because unknown to them. The prisoner had previous convictions and had made a real effort to go straight. He had lived on the few shillings he was able to earn honestly, and had succumbed to temptation only when his wife fell ill and needed extra nourishment. In the afternoon the judge recalled the prisoner to the dock, altered his sentence to one of six months, and gave directions that the probation officer should find him work upon his release. In the second case two men were charged together with perjury. They both pleaded guilty and each was sentenced to fifteen months hard labour. Neither had any previous convictions and the police report told the Assize judge nothing. The whole case lasted about a quarter of an hour. A few days later the probation officer told me the real story of the two men. One was a man of about thirty, intelligent and unscrupulous, the other very much older, greatly under the influence of the younger man, and very ill-educated. The perjury had been committed in an endeavour to promote a

fraud from which the younger man alone reaped the slightest benefit, and the older man imperfectly understood either the gravity of his offence or the fraud itself. To award the same punishment to each prisoner was manifestly absurd. Nor would the judge have done so had he been better informed. But neither man was represented by counsel. The one man was incapable of telling the judge the facts, the other had every reason not to do so. The probation officer wished to go into the witness box, but he had no *right* to do so, and while he was discussing the matter with the police the judge passed sentence and the case was over.

I have quoted two cases as illustrations of the fact that unless full information is available a court does not pass sentences which are wise, just, or effective in the public interest. I have no doubt at all that such cases occur daily in our criminal courts. Within the space of a single article it is impossible to enter fully into detail. For this reason I will here say only that a reform of our criminal procedure which I consider very desirable and perfectly practicable is that there should be fuller, more skilled, and more systematic inquiry into the lives of offenders before sentence is passed upon them, even although some delay is thereby caused. Needless to say, I do not suggest that this should be done in trivial cases, but only in those in which there is question of a prison sentence and, most urgently of all, in the cases of first offenders.

3. THE OBJECT OF PUNISHMENT.—It is with diffidence that I approach the subject of the right purpose of legal sanctions, since in what I say there is necessarily implied some degree of criticism of existing judicial practice. But the subject is vital to any consideration of the wisdom and consistency with which the criminal courts at present act. For that reason alone it would be necessary to say something about it, and it is the more necessary since the existing system—or rather lack of system—is unsatisfactory. I do not know whether or not English judges formally deliberate amongst themselves upon the correct aim of punishment. The unhappy fact remains that amongst them there is neither agreement in theory or unity of practice. By one judge I have been told that the primary purpose of legal sanctions is deterrence, by another that it should be reformation. They cannot both



be right, if indeed either of them is right. Moreover, such divergence of opinion leads to dissimilarity of sentences upon identical offenders, and it is clear that this is neither just to the individuals who are punished nor is it in the interests of the community, since in one or other case the punishment must be wrong. It is easy to illustrate my meaning by a simple example. I have been told by one judge of the High Court that in deciding upon his sentence for the very common crime of bigamy it was his rule to look at all the circumstances; if he found that the offence was not aggravated by seduction and that no injury had been done to any individual, he customarily imposed a nominal sentence of one day's imprisonment. I have been told by another High Court judge of long experience that in his opinion bigamy was an offence of such gravity that he felt bound in all cases to impose a minimum sentence of some months' imprisonment. It is surely indefensible that one bigamist should by one judge be immediately released and that another bigamist who under precisely similar circumstances has committed the same offence should be committed to prison and perhaps ruined for life.

This is an example of divergence of judicial opinion upon one particular crime. But the argument can be carried much further. One could find easily enough examples of judges who, whatever the crime or the circumstances, would almost certainly impose widely dissimilar sentences. I do not wish to give the impression that I believe that sentences should be uniform. On the contrary, the whole of my experience of prisons and of prisoners has led me to believe the exact opposite, and I hold strongly that the court in considering sentence should give greater heed to the offender than to the offence. But while it is right that in the treatment of each offender there should be the widest discretion given to the judge—as is at present the case—nevertheless there should in all cases be an agreed common principle at which the judges should aim. It is surely axiomatic that if there does exist any one purpose of legal punishment wiser and more effective than all others then the judges whose daily task it is to administer punishments should know what that purpose is. They would then be saved from the blunder of passing sentences by which they

attempt to achieve purposes which are either unattainable or mistaken. Let me illustrate my meaning. Deterrence has its due and necessary place in any penological system. It is one means to an end. In any particular case it may or may not be the wisest means. It may be made necessary by the circumstances of the individual offender or by more general circumstances. On the other hand a general immunity from crime cannot be obtained by the simple method of imposing upon all offenders sentences of great severity. This is the plain lesson of history. Every severe sentence causes suffering, sometimes to the innocent; some such sentences cause only suffering, with no compensating advantage to the community. Yet he would be a bold man who would maintain that every professional court in this country thoroughly understood that it could never be really efficient until it had made a sympathetic study of ways other than that of 'punishment' in dealing with offenders. To take another example, it is inconceivable that any judge who had made any study of penology would talk of retribution as the right aim of legal sanctions. Yet not long ago the Press reported a judge at the Assizes as saying of a nineteen-year-old boy convicted of a sexual offence and recommended by the authorities for a Borstal training: 'I do not see why he should be given the advantage of a Borstal training instead of punishment for the wrong he has done.' This is not the place to develop in detail the theory of punishment. For the sake of clarity, however, I will add that in my own view the protection of society is the right aim. The *method* by which society is best protected is not the same in every case: in one it may be by long imprisonment, in another it may be by immediate release and a gift from the poor box.

Finally, it may be suggested that one of the great universities of this country would be doing a valuable service to the administration of justice if it established a Chair of Criminology. The foundation of such a Chair would both stimulate and guide judicial thought upon the subject of this essential preliminary, the right purpose which criminal courts should have in mind in passing sentence. There is a conventional but not wholly warranted belief that English judges by virtue of their office are entitled to be regarded as experts not only upon

law but also upon penal treatment. It is natural that the general public, which rightly holds the judiciary in high honour, should entertain this belief. It is unaware that judges are professionally trained for one part of their work but are often not trained at all for the other.

4. THE DETAILS OF OFFICIAL PUNISHMENTS.—I have always thought that it would be an excellent thing if every judge and stipendiary magistrate upon appointment to the bench were required to make a systematic study of punishments. I do not regard it as an extravagant proposal that no public servant should be allowed to order a punishment if he is quite ignorant of what the punishment consists. But it is very little exaggeration to say that is what happens when many offenders are committed to prison both by judges of Assize and by professional magistrates. It is impossible to know what a prison sentence is and what such a sentence entails if one has never studied the prison system. Moreover, by the word 'study' I mean a real inquiry and examination: from a short visit of ceremony with an obsequious governor and saluting officers one can learn nothing. I myself once accompanied an Assize judge upon such a visit to a prison, the only one he ever paid to such a place: it lasted some three-quarters of an hour. I should be surprised if there are not judges of the High Court who have never been inside a prison at all. A prison governor told me that in twenty years' service he had never seen a judge inside any prison. In the House of Commons on Feb. 24, 1939, the Under Secretary to the Home Office stated that during the preceding five years only twelve visits had been paid by His Majesty's judges to prisons. As there are twenty King's Bench judges as well as the three judges of the Central Criminal Court, the average is one visit by each judge every ten years, or once during the average judicial life. It is not surprising that mistaken sentences are passed. I witnessed such a mistake, due wholly to ignorance of prison regulations, not long ago. The judge sent to prison an elderly man, above the average standard of education, and a first offender. This type of prisoner is placed *automatically* in what is called the Second Division. The judge, however, did not know this, and told the prisoner that he was giving him a longer sentence than he would otherwise have done since, having regard to his

age and character, he was making an order that the sentence should be passed in the Second Division. Not long ago a judge at the Assizes bound over an offender on probation for five years—the maximum period allowed by law being three years. And I still chuckle over the recollection of a Recorder who a few years back sentenced an old offender to one year's penal servitude, only to be informed loudly and indignantly by the prisoner himself that no such sentence existed.

But the worst mistakes are of course those as a result of which men and women are committed to prison who could more successfully be dealt with by other methods. To take the most obvious example, psychotherapy makes claims to success in certain types of cases where ordinary punitive treatment is found by experience not only to fail as a deterrent but to aggravate the evil it seeks to cure. It is doubtless true that the claims of this young science are exaggerated by some of its more headstrong votaries. But it is no less true that medical men who have specialised in this branch of research have a very definite and valuable contribution to make to the treatment of delinquency. I suggest with confidence that judges should regard it as one of the obligations of their high office that they should give earnest study to the proved records of psychotherapy. A few—a very few—individual judges already do so. But no one would seriously suggest that any such attitude was general. One main test of the value of changes in the administration of the criminal law is whether persons sentenced by the courts are more or less prone to commit fresh crimes as a result of their sentences. Judged by that test the changes in prisons and courts during the past hundred years are amply vindicated. The law has become at once more humane and more effective. But from the time a century ago when the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Ellenborough, led the opposition of all the judges to the reforms of Sir Samuel Romilly it is little exaggeration to say that each step forward has been won not only without the help but in face of the objections of the judicial bench. As Lord James of Hereford, himself a Lord of Appeal, declared fifty years ago: 'The role of criminal law reformer is not a part hitherto played by our principal judges.' His words are not less true to-day. One hundred years ago the penalty for stealing five

shillings in a shop was death. A Bill was introduced to make the punishment less frightful. The justification for the Bill was that the death penalty for this offence was at once barbarous and ineffective. The opposition of the judges was unanimous, determined, and successful. To-day a Departmental Committee after long inquiry unanimously recommends that corporal punishment be abolished as a legal sanction. Roughly speaking, the grounds of the recommendation are that this punishment is barbarous and ineffective. The history of the last century is repeated. Once again the opposition of the judges is unanimous, determined, and successful. No sane person to-day believes that the judges were wise in their decision to support a brutal penalty a century ago. A century hence men will learn with astonishment of the decision of the judges of to-day.

I am not alone in the belief that some form of improvement in these matters is desirable. Bad sentences lead to increased crime, and it is for that reason that the question ceases to be one only of academic interest. It is in the public interest that judges should be experts in the matters to which I have alluded, as also in such cognate matters as the causes of crime and the social life of the people: as a simple example, a knowledge of the economics of working-class life would enable a judge to estimate not only more sympathetically but also more justly than he could otherwise do such matters as the temptations of poverty and the effects of monetary fines.

Many suggestions have been made as to the precise methods of such reforms as are bound to come. It has, for example, been proposed that sentences should not be passed in court at all but at a later stage by permanent tribunals of specially qualified persons set up solely for the purpose.\* An alternative suggestion is that assessors should sit with the judge in order to advise him upon sentence. I have neither space nor inclination to discuss these numerous suggestions in detail. For my present purpose all I desire to do is to establish the fact that improvements of some sort are needed. The English

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\* Cf. e.g. 'Consistent Principles in Criminal Punishment,' by E. Royalton Kisch, M.C., M.A., LL.B., a paper read before the Law Society as recently as September 1939.

judiciary enjoys the respect and the admiration of the public. Any changes which were repugnant to and opposed by the judges themselves would be doubly difficult of achievement. Those suggestions as to assessors or outside tribunals to which, *inter alia*, I have alluded above would be strenuously resisted by the judges. Moreover they are cumbrous expedients which, if they were practicable at all, would be wasteful both of time and money. The most effective and the most rapid means of introducing reform will be to enlist the sympathy and to gain the support of the bench itself. If it be possible to convince His Majesty's judges that justice will be better served by changes such as those which I have outlined in this article, then nothing more will be required. All else will follow.

LEO PAGE.

## Art. 8.—CHRISTIAN OPINION IN ENGLAND TO-DAY.

*A Study of History.* By Arnold Toynbee. Vols I—III, 1934; IV—VI, 1939. Oxford University Press.

CHRISTIAN opinion in England is passing through a curiously vague and fluid phase. We have many prophets, and they agree only in their refusal to prophesy smooth things. We have no reason to complain of this, for it is the business of the prophet to call violent attention to rough places. Optimistic prophets are infuriating. But the pessimists are annoying too. The point where ordinary Christian opinion finds itself exceedingly irritated by them is not where they join hands with their great protagonists Isaiah, Ezekiel, or Jeremiah, but where they part company from them. Isaiah and the others vigorously denounced the evil of their day, the spiritual wickedness of those in high places, and the manifest unfitness of Israel to discharge the task God had laid on her. Our own prophets do the same, though they keep the chief burden of their wrath for the sins of the modern Church—and in this they are wise, because in present circumstances it is merely a waste of time to proclaim the evil of modern Europe and to denounce the spiritual wickedness of those in its highest places. Denunciations of the Church sting but they do not harm those who love her, and there is of course much, very much, to denounce. Of these matters we have no right to complain. The legitimate complaint which the ordinary Christian makes against the prophets of to-day is that they appear almost to have forgotten the note of hope. They seem to be obsessed by the extreme difficulty of proclaiming the Gospel to this tragic generation. They see no future for evangelism as apart from the social change which they denounce the Church for not bringing about, and then they lengthily explain that the Church is, in any case, not a competent instrument for the promotion of social change. They write as though the Christian priest was beset by difficulties of such magnitude as the Church has never before experienced; and they frankly see little hope of our overcoming them. Such hope as they allow themselves is projected many generations away into the future. Is all this the product of minds so battered by



the grim events of contemporary history that they have taken refuge in a nerveless pessimism, or is it courageous and realistic thinking? It seems important to answer the question, and to do so we must first attempt to draw some sort of map of articulate Christian opinion in England.

The startling, disconcerting knowledge that has come to us of the actual social and political consequences of paganism and atheism has disposed many to believe that Christianity is the one hope of the world. A perfectly clear line of logical development joins the atheism of the U.S.S.R. to the invasion of Finland and the neo-Blood-and-Race paganism of Germany to the behaviour of the Nazis in conquered Poland. Now that the masks are all off and there is an end of political humbug in high places, that line is perfectly plain to see. This sort of cruel and perjured beastliness is the goal where pagan atheism actually leads, and one does not need to be a devout Christian to realise it. Naturally, therefore, people are looking to Christianity to build a stable Europe in which such horrors shall be no more than an evil memory. It follows as a natural consequence that the phrase 'in Christian principles lies the only hope of the world' has been uttered about twenty times a day ever since the war began.

The historians and philosophers are no less full of the same note than the leader writers and the politicians. The whole burden, for example, of Professor Arnold Toynbee's tremendous work 'A Study of History' is that the one hope of Western civilisation is to become co-extensive with Christendom, and that without a vast rebirth of the Christian spirit it must perish miserably. Every one of Nicolas Berdyaev's books is an elaboration from one point of view or another of just this theme. Mr Middleton Murry has become an Anglican Christian and the 'Times Literary Supplement' grants him page after page in successive issues to proclaim it. Mr Aldous Huxley, if not an orthodox Christian, is at least a theist nowadays, and his whole book 'Ends and Means' is a sustained plea for the application of Christian principle to modern community. Mr Harold Nicolson hardly writes a line nowadays without lamenting the decay of the specifically Christian system of ethics in European

politics and pleading for their re-espousal. Only Mr H. G. Wells is left still pleading his scientific atheism with praiseworthy consistency, and his is now a lone voice, calling to a once mighty host of quondam disciples and finding few to answer him.

There exists to-day, in fact, among all sorts and conditions of our people the conviction that secular paganism is a failure and that therefore Christianity is the one hope left. They believe increasingly that if there was such a thing as a Christian order of society, it would at least be kind and merciful; and, trained to hate cruelty with a violent, unrelenting hatred, they are anxious above all things that a Christian order shall be set up as a result of this war. Christ is seen to be the real alternative to Hitler, as Hitler is seen to be the incarnation of the evil passions which must necessarily be set loose wherever Christ no longer reigns in the hearts of ordinary people. Side by side with this is the growing conviction that if ever a Christian order of society is to be built up, it must necessarily cohere round a visible society of Christians, that is, round the Church. In 1925 many high-minded English souls longed for Christianity's defeat, and multitudes of unreflecting people did not care whether it was defeated or not. To-day virtually everyone is longing for Christianity's victory.

In the midst of all these vociferous demands that Christendom should now bring forth out of her treasures the things that belong to our peace the danger lies concealed that many are really much more anxious to use Christ than they are to serve Him. It is true that He is the saviour of the world and the prince of peace, but it is also true that He can only save and lead into their peace those who have first learned from Him to bind into themselves a disinterested love of God for His own sake. No one can really become a Christian whose primary motive is an anxiety to be led out of the city of destruction wherein he dwells. No Christian may seek to win disciples by offering Christ as the alternative to Hitler or Stalin and bidding him to be converted lest a worse thing befall. The motive is always and only that the love of Christ constraineth us.

But in truth the danger is not so real as logically it ought to be. For the most of the prophetic voices

of the Church seem to be entirely unmoved by the new respect in which Christianity is regarded and the pathetic wistfulness with which people are watching and waiting for Christendom to act. This is really an astonishing phenomenon. One would think that churchpeople would have hailed the new spirit with delight, that they would have gone about their business in a mood of 'Now is our chance!' But nothing of that sort has happened and it does not look like happening. It is because very few of our leaders seem to think that the new expectancy really provides a favourable evangelistic opportunity. We seem to be obsessed by the admittedly great difficulties of presenting the challenge of the Gospel to this tormented generation, and, on the whole, it seems true to say that our view of the difficulties inherent in any line of evangelistic action is clearer by far than our vision of the chances which the swing of popular opinion has given us.

In so far as this obsession is capable of analysis at all, it appears to take two main forms. For a long time past there has been a notable school of religious thought which has put the whole of its emphasis on the pressing need to transform the systems under which men live, and this is for them the primary evangelistic instrument. Jesus, they say, came to the world to save men in and not out of their social surroundings. But the power of the machine, the greed of capitalism, the collectivisation of life, and the extension of the sway of scientific devices have surrounded modern men by a closed circle of inhumanism and set them down as prisoners in a matrix of necessary frustration. Thus millions are unemployed and still more millions are ill-housed. At least once in every generation they must be plunged into the blood-bath of a major war. Their freedom is the limited freedom of the ballot box. Their democracy is political only, and it has not even begun to penetrate the fields of finance and industry, the two fields of expression which really determine the lot of most people to-day. In such surroundings, runs the argument, it is really idle to prate of freedom if to that term is given the only true definition—freedom to lead the good life. These surroundings ensure that men and women shall become progressively less than human, and the system makes it relentlessly difficult for men and women, thus enmeshed, to respond to the

challenge of Jesus Christ. To tell such people to be converted and to aim at perfection is little short of mockery. Hence politics and sociology are the real evangelistic fields of to-day, and until the whole system has been smashed and rebuilt by the Christian social revolution there is little else that can be hopefully attempted. The evangelist must have his being in the places of public policy. For all this, the Christian Realists, the extreme wing of this school, claim the direct and implicit sanction of the teaching of Jesus in the Gospel and do not hesitate to draw the implication that Christians who really care for the kingdom of God must ally themselves with the U.S.S.R. (At least, they did until Russia invaded Finland and joined herself to Nazi Germany.) All this is a work of immense and overwhelming difficulty, and there is no conceivable chance of the Church undertaking it for years to come. In consequence, such thinkers season all their books and speeches with slowly dripping gloom.

With such a view, when temperately stated, any sensitive Christian must have a great deal of sympathy. Much of it is so obviously true. The Kingdom of God is (among other things) the classless society of social justice. It is inconceivable without a practical and universal recognition of the worth and dignity of every human being; and because such a recognition can never come to pass without social and political action the Church of the Redeemer shirks half its duty when it divorces itself from the controversial fields of industrial and political action. All that is commonplace and few Christians would deny it; why is it, then, that this body of social prophets always write in a rather embittered spirit? What is there in such views as these which always leads them to surrender to the temptation of gloom?

It is because the heavy rarity of the doctrinaire spirit hangs over the whole of their pleading. This leads them to take their obviously true premises and draw from them deductions which ought to be true in logic but which are wildly false in practical experience. Is it harder to be a good Christian in a bad than in a good social milieu? It ought to be so, no doubt, but is it? If so, it ought to be much harder to be a good Christian in Jarrow than it is

in Mayfair, whereas in fact it is in Mayfair much more than in Jarrow that one has to fight against most of the devils which are sent to kill the life of the spirit. Again, while it is folly to minimise the threat of the machine and of the collectivised way of life to the sacred separateness of individuality, it is simply not true to say that either the most specialised forms of mass-production or the depths of long-term unemployment are strong enough to iron out all the quirks of character in the strongly marked individualities of those who live in this way. The people who work in a chocolate factory (where mass-production is generally utilised to the  $n$ th power) and the unemployed weavers of a Lancashire cotton town are not as alike as peas in a pod. They are just as different from each other as any other group of people. The difficulty of a stern and wicked social environment ought logically, no doubt, to set an impassable barrier between the unemployed man with hungry children and the Gospel of Jesus. But it does not, as every priest who has worked in a distressed area knows perfectly well. There is simply no truth in the belief that unemployment separates from Christ. What does separate a man from Him only too often is the possession of wealth, the ability to purchase immoderate pleasure, and the enjoyment of a secure social position.

On the arguments of the prophets who see in Christianity more an instrument of social than of personal redemption, none of these things ought to be true. But true they are. The fact is that these prophets allow far too little both for the immense reserves of strength which individuality possesses and also, indeed, for the grace of God. Consequently they regard the evangelistic position of to-day as hopeless, whereas in fact it is nothing of the sort. But it would indeed be hopeless if the only effective evangelism on which the Church could embark were such as only economic experts could share in and promote, for the Church is not full of them. Now, as always, it is full of the simple people, and an evangelistic Church is but a dream unless the strategy of its evangelism is primarily that which can be shared among and understood by the young Sunday-school teacher and the scoutmaster and the rank-and-file member of the Mothers' Union. Others, too, are of course needed—the Christian banker

and stockbroker and their kind. But the Gospel of Jesus is primarily for the simple to proclaim, and their way of proclaiming it is in their presentation of the challenge of Jesus to other human souls, not in mass action but individually, one at a time, one family after another. This, after all, is the way in which Jesus Himself proclaimed it ; and although He came to redeem society as a whole no less truly than the individual members of it, yet the task of refashioning the systems under which men live, although most necessary, is secondary always to the prior task of offering the redemption of the Lord of all sorts and conditions of people in tiny family groups or one at a time. And the glory of it is that there is never an unpropitious time for this work. It can be done to-day or to-morrow, and there is no single Christian, not even the mentally deficient, who is barred from sharing in it by simplicity, ignorance, or lack of educational advantages. The one and the only qualification asked of those who would call others to the foot of the Cross is that they must first be there themselves.

To the denunciations and forebodings of woe of the social prophets the exponents of what is fast becoming the dominant school of theology add their voice. This, the prophetic school of the younger theologians, inspired largely by Reinhold Niebuhr and led in this country by thinkers like Alec Vidler and Michael Roberts, is in full revolt against the utopian liberalism which was the characteristic note of the theology of their elders, and held the field from the early days of Charles Gore until the middle nineteen-twenties. They reflect the utter disillusion of European opinion with the old fancies of automatic progress rolling on in company with the advance of human knowledge and of human power over its physical environment, bestowed upon the race by applied science. All those dreams are dead ; and, indeed, the teaching of the Gospel never gave any warrant to the assumptions of utopian liberalism. Against it the newer theologians are in the full flood of reaction. It was once assumed that man was almost a divinity in himself and, at the least, perfectible by his own efforts. But now the note of that theology to which the Church is giving a ready ear speaks of man in grim terms as, in a phrase of Mr Middleton Murry's, an ' Evil Nothingness,' of history as the universal

tragedy of mankind, and of social destiny as quite unable to realise its perfectibility, even as a shadow, in this world. The Christian Gospel becomes the one answer to the tragedy of man, and at the heart of it shines the Cross by which alone man may hope to be not only redeemed from his sin but also to be provided with that backbone of definitely dogmatic faith which alone can make good will more than a futile gesture. That is to say that they do meet the modern world in the place of its real weakness, and offer to it the one realistic basis of its hope. But theirs is a stern message, as indeed it must be if it is to have any relevance to an iron era of history; and inevitably their thought is tinged—at any rate in its public expression—much more with the extreme difficulties of the times than are than with the glorious hope that shall be. This note comes out most clearly when they discuss the strategy of the Church in a world which God is so plainly judging, and at a period of history when all things are being made anew, and, for better or worse, the old configuration of Europe, familiar to us for nearly five hundred years, is being finally changed out of all recognition. What is the Church in itself? What must be its strategy to-day? These are their questions. Their answers are almost invariably couched in some form of the significant analogy of the action of the Church at the time of the breaking of the ancient world, when, in tiny monastic centres here and there, a few kept their lights burning in the midst of vast oceans of abysmal darkness. To think of our task to-day in terms of such an analogy may, indeed, turn out to be justified; but it is to put the stress on the difficulties confronting the Church, and it may even become an advocacy of world-renouncing withdrawal, or even, sometimes, a sort of apology for dignified suicide. In the meantime the Vicar of Nether Backwash has his parish to run. He reads the younger theologians avidly, and if he does not draw from them the conclusion that it really matters very little what he does, since in any case it can hardly affect the situation, that is not their fault.

The second and far larger army of those whose evidence must be called if any sort of map of religious opinion in war-time England is to be drawn is the army of the parochial clergy. Many of them read greedily all that the prophets have to say and very few agree with much of it.



They resent their innate pessimism. A parish priest has to deal day by day with the souls of his people. He has to make of his congregation a creative fellowship dedicated to the cause of evangelism in the parish, and he is swamped by a host of never ending *trivia*. He sees ordinary people much closer than the academic prophet can ever do; and it is largely because of this, his immersion in the actual, daily, concrete situation of the challenge of the Church to the people, that he rather violently resents and refuses the disillusioned pessimism of so many of his teachers.

But although he sees the problems from another and inherently a much more hopeful, because a much less imponderable, angle, he is no more inclined than the prophet to crow overmuch because public opinion looks at Christianity with an unwonted respect and hope, and he has little or no hope that war will bring the revival of religion which is his dream. He has dreamed it so long and been disappointed so often that he greets with a muttered 'Wolf! Wolf!' those who tell him that the day of the Lord is at hand. The great enemy he has to face is the indifference of so many of his people, while the great weapon that his predecessors of a generation ago had as they faced a like enemy, namely, the fact of the social necessity of the parish church to the whole community it served, is very often not there for him to use.

Here the evidence is impossible to assemble with any degree of accuracy, and a generalistic impression is all that can be offered. But, speaking generally, the rural parish priest complains that the Church is daily run now and more as if it were an almost exclusively urban concern. The London parson is always gloomier than his provincial brother, because things Christian are incomparably worse in London than anywhere else. Incidentally, it is one of our minor tragedies that the really gloomy pictures of the Church to-day are nearly always drawn by Londoners. They take the situation they see, the falling and eclectic congregations, the breakdown of the parochial system, the emptied Sunday-schools, and then blandly assume that because these things are true in London they are true in every other English city. But it is not so, and Londoners are a great deal too apt to forget that there

are other places in England. Perhaps the Church is at its most flourishing to-day on the slopes of the Pennine Chain, in Lancashire and Yorkshire. But, broadly speaking, it is true that the parochial clergy as a whole do not believe in any immediate improvement in the response to the eternal challenge they are commissioned to fling down.

Whether difficult or easy, the Christian Church is at all times committed to the enterprise of claiming the kingdoms of this world to the obedience of our Lord, and no circumstances can ever arise which dispense us from this obligation or postpone our duty to discharge it.

It is in the interpretation of history that we may begin to look for a reasonable hope. Perhaps hope is always there, hidden away in the pages of the history-books; but to-day there is something in the intellectual atmosphere of the age which not only bids us look there first but actually forbids us to hold any hope at all which we cannot show to be implicit in the working of the whole historical process when broadly considered. When the history of the intellectual development of our era comes to be written, the historians will undoubtedly bring out clearly the dominance of a right philosophy of history in all our thinking to-day. The new secular religions of totalitarianism are all based throughout upon a particular interpretation of history, and in their systems the historical philosopher holds a place of honour second only to the leader himself. Russian Communism under Stalin may have moved far away from anything which either Karl Marx or Lenin would have recognised, but the whole system owed everything to what Marx thought history was all about, and it can never professedly stray far away from the teachings of the strangest of all historical interpreters. The day when the U.S.S.R. ceases to hold the shade of Marx in highest honour in its pantheon will be the day when the whole system stands on the edge of its catastrophic collapse. In the same way, both German Nazism and Italian Fascism owe everything to Othmar Spann, on the one hand, and Sorel on the other, both of whom were exclusively academicians, engaged all their days in a sheltered study pondering the riddle of what history is all about. Secular humanism is likewise struggling to maintain itself against ceaseless blows

by the process of searching out in history a warrant for its primary faith that man is a king, a master of his fate, and not the slave of either machines or herds or gods. Of all the faiths joining violent issue in the modern world that of secular humanism is the most certainly foredoomed to failure, and largely because it has no such thing as a first-class historical interpreter to act as its prophet and guide.

Christianity, being before all things concretely historical in its origin and bearing witness to a revelation of God definitely taking place in history, is in principle well equipped for the kind of fight with its rivals which is likely to be decisive. It can understand their language because it uses it itself, and it can gauge their historic certainties because it holds corresponding certainties of its own. When Nazis and Communists prophesy their victory on the ground that it is there in history, destined, because history has spoken, the secular world looks on aghast and amazed and cannot understand this astonishing and profoundly narrow-minded confidence. So it has no answer to give. But the Christian understands very well, though he goes one better, because a step deeper still into history, and says, the triumph of our Lord is foreordained and cannot fail because the voice of the Lord has spoken it. And it is precisely from history that he draws this faith. Mystical experience attests it and prayer strengthens it, but the faith in itself comes straight from the pages of history. If other systems which in their working show themselves to be the incarnation of anti-Christ likewise draw the luminous certainty which they possess from what they make of history, then the real battle is still the fight being waged between the different schools of historical interpretation, and victory will go to that side whose interpretation of history is the truer.

That is why the Christian still holds St Augustine of Hippo in higher honour than most saints. Others leave us an example, but he is the guide of those who hold an enterprising faith in days of quite desperate difficulty. It needs a mighty pair of shoulders to wear his mantle, but in Professor Arnold Toynbee our generation has produced a true successor to St Augustine, whose masterpiece of historical interpretation, 'A Study of History,'

is worthy to stand on the same shelf in the world's library as 'De Civitate Dei.' All Christians who are fighting the devil of despair (and they are most of us some of the time and some of us nearly all the time) should set themselves the task of reading every one of the six massive volumes which have so far been published. Professor Toynbee, himself a convinced Christian and a scholar whose range of historical knowledge can hardly be equalled by any living historian, has had to fight against every temptation to despair, as he tells us in the introduction to Volumes IV to VI. Yet he fought off the devils, as Augustine did before him, and in his study of the why and wherefore of the disintegration of civilisations he lays squarely before his readers the assurance and the hope he has found in history.

Broadly speaking, the professor shows that when civilisations decline and disintegrate it is always because they have failed to solve their social problem. True progress is always progress in the art of living together, and creative fellowship is that function of the human spirit to which religious sanctions alone are relevant. No permanently creative fellowship has ever yet existed, and history is plentifully strewn with the wrecks of one endeavour after another to create it. So that by empirically comparing one with another we can find out not only what are the dangers to avoid (in our present state a dismal study), but also the laws by which the failure of one civilisation always provides the ground on which another and a better can stand. There seems to be an immutable law about this. History, according to Professor Toynbee, is the record of man's effort to grow to civilised stature and to shape the kind of society which mirrors and protects his own best aspirations. Over and over again he comes near to success, and then his dreams break about his head and his achievements come crashing down. But the very manner of their crashing liberates the seed of civilised creativeness to grow and blossom again either on the very ruins of the old or in a new world. Life in history is profoundly tragic and it is also perennially hopeful. History at its blackest gives no warrant for spiritual despair; and our own page of the universal history-book, though unquestionably a black one, is very far from being the blackest there is.

The truth is, I suppose, that Christian thinkers have identified themselves too closely for at least a generation with the assumptions of utopian liberalism for them now to be able to separate themselves from the sense of an enveloping disillusion which is to-day the climate in which liberalism has to live. If they have not surrendered to the idea of an automatic progress, they are of the same habits of thought as those who have ; and now that any idea of automatic progress has been blasted to smithereens, many Christian thinkers too have so clear a view of the futility which always lies concealed in human endeavour that they fail to see the hope that the ordinary man sees so clearly.

Christian hope to-day may first of all be legitimately wrung from history, but on one condition. It is that we remember that in any age when one particular avenue of progress is at last seen to lead no further, then the discovery of the next avenue lies always on the far side of disaster. It was invariably so in biblical days, and it is so still. History has lost none of its fundamental tragedy with the passing of the years, and it is still, as it has always been, through pain that the world advanced towards the goal of history. Social pain is the condition of social creativeness, and apart from the religion which Israel founded and developed and Christ brought to perfection, there is no answer to the tragic dilemma of human life in the world. That is why further achievement always lies on the further side of disaster. Our own disaster is the war, the divine commentary on the values of Europe's past for four hundred years. But there is the further progress beckoning to us from the vistas of the future.

The plain man perceives it more clearly than anyone else to-day. Taught incessantly for years past to believe that war must involve the total ruin of civilisation, he stoutly refuses to believe it now that he is actually enmeshed in the disaster he has feared. In scores of private conversations, in the general tone of all the popular newspapers, in one reference after another in broadcast talks, and in dozens of other contexts the evidence piles up that the man in the street thinks of the Christian religion as the heir of the future—not of the far distant future, but of the immediate future both during and after

the war. For him the arm of the Lord is emphatically not shortened. He can see no value in a senseless world, and a world without God is to him the apotheosis of senselessness. He sees with the clarity of a fundamental conviction that Christ or chaos is a true choice for humanity, and the fact of the war appears to dispose him to the belief that Christ and not chaos is what will come out of it. All this hope and conviction comes to him more by instinct than by reason, and it is really the fruit of the invincible theism of the plain man all over the world. This theism may be unorthodox and often crude, and it is rarely ecclesiastical in its expression. But it is there and it is emphatically Christian in its general flavour, and the winds of the most bitter experience seem totally unable to cast it down. It is in this invincible theism of the plain man that the hope of the world rests, and as long as it remains it is idle and even cowardly for Christian teachers to defer all their hopes of a nearer approach to God's Kingdom on earth to a date so distant from the waging of the present war or the making of the peace after it as to be quite irrelevant to these vast events.

The world is crying out to the Church to-day to bring out of its treasures things new and old, and, half converted by the shock of the terrible decade of 1930-40, is more ready to listen to the message of the Gospel than it has been for many years past. But that expectancy is to-day met far too often by a disquisition on the special difficulties of presenting the Gospel to the world in our generation. As yet many of the Church's spokesmen have only got as far as saying that it is all very difficult. The mass of the parochial clergy are not indeed daunted, but are definitely very impressed by the difficulty. This obsession with the special difficulties of being an evangelist to-day has reached the stage where it passes out of 'courageous realism' and becomes vitiating. It is time that we all talked less of our difficulties and more of our opportunities.

ROGER LLOYD.

## Art. 9.—HITLER: A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT.

1. *Mein Kampf*. Von Adolf Hitler. English translation, Hurst & Blackett, 1939.
2. *Hitler Speaks*. By Hermann Rauschning. Butterworth, 1939.
3. *Der Revolution des Nihilismus*. By Hermann Rauschning. Zürich, 1938.
4. *The House that Hitler Built*. By Stephen Roberts. 1937.
5. *A History of National Socialism*. By Konrad Heiden. English translation, Methuen, 1934.
6. *Weissbuch über die Erschiessungen des 30 Juni*. Paris, 1934.
7. *The Brown Books of the Hitler Terror 1933-4*. And other works.

MANY painters, as we know, have left self-portraits behind them. Hitler, who once aspired to be a painter, has given us, in his account of his youth, a pen-picture of himself in his thirty-fifth year. Journalists from more or less external points of view have passed on to us their own impressions. More intimate touches are supplied by an able observer, who, from 1932 to 1934, was admitted to Hitler's intimacy. Can we combine these various aspects, taken from different angles, into a consistent and convincing whole? I think we can, if we emphasise the one supreme and all-embracing passion of his life, to which all authorities bear at least some witness, and to which all other issues have become but contributory and subservient.

The little provincial town of Braunau upon Inn lies just on the borderline which separated the pre-war German Reich from the pre-war Austrian Empire. Its inhabitants, Austrian in allegiance, were Bavarian by race and tradition; in their market-place stood a statue of the German bookseller Palm, shot by Napoleon for his patriotic activities. Here, in the year 1889, a son was born to a minor official of the Austrian Civil Service, who had raised himself by sheer will-power assisted by favourable circumstances from the rank of a peasant-artisan to a 'petty-bourgeois' position. The mother is said to have



been a woman of neurotic temperament, with grievances—unspecified—against life in general. The boy was of a weakly, in some respects possibly an abnormal constitution, with tendencies to consumption; and his mother is believed to have 'spoilt' him by over-indulgence. At the secondary school he showed himself wayward and self-willed. He evinced a decided taste and bent for draughtsmanship; but in general work he appeared careless and indifferent, save when he was roused by a powerful stimulus. This was early supplied.

The Austrian Empire was even then convulsed by the struggle for supremacy between its Slav and Teutonic elements—elements then only held together by the dynastic tie of the Crown—which was subsequently to produce such terrible repercussions, both national and international. The near neighbourhood of Germany must have raised the naturally Teutonic sympathies of this border region to a high pitch; and there, as elsewhere (for the language question was contested with peculiar vehemence), the conflict surged with special intensity around and in the universities and schools. The boy was at once caught up into the whirlwind, of course on the German side; and thus Hitler, while little more than a child, became passionately imbued with a sense of German racial superiority. In this lad of obscure origin and modest environment, but of vast though latent ambition, pride of birth, the idea that he was the scion and representative of a superior, perhaps supreme race, appealed with peculiar force. This was intensified by the teachings of history and geography as set forth in German textbooks and emphasised by the expositions of an attractive and ardently Teutonic professor.

We should err, however, if we failed to emphasise the element of *pride*. It would be difficult to define Hitler's patriotism as *love*, whether of Country or Race: Hitler's, if an emotional, is not an affectionate nature. He shares, no doubt, in a mild degree the family feelings of mankind. Of his father he speaks with respect, of his mother with gratitude. A half-sister has from time to time presided over his household. To his secretary he owes, and pays, a debt of obligation; he has shown himself affected by the death of a faithful servant. But there is nothing and nobody whom he would not gladly sacrifice to ensure the

supremacy of the German race. Nor has he ever shown any appreciation of the southern German peoples to whom by birth he belongs. For their modest and simple virtues he has nothing but contempt. It is in the military and militant energies, the 'heroic' virtues of Prussia, that he has always seen the true representation of an ideal Germanism. And with this fact another consideration obtrudes itself: national pride, affronted or thwarted, turns easily into national or international hate.

His future was long in doubt. His family were Roman Catholic, but a passing inclination for the priesthood as the quickest path to possible promotion was quashed by his father; he himself refused to enter the civil service. Finally, on his father's death, his own predilection for art was countenanced by his mother and he entered the local academy. But on attempting to prosecute his further studies at Vienna, he was crudely informed that he showed no aptitude for painting; while the School of Architecture, which he actually preferred, was closed to him by his failure to possess a school-leaving certificate. Bitterly did he rue his childish idleness, since the blow to his artistic ambition was final. For when, at the age of seventeen, his mother's death left him an almost penniless orphan and he started to seek his fortune in Vienna, he rapidly sank into the ranks of unskilled, casual, and often unemployed humanity, as a labourer in the building trade. What besides racial pride may be regarded as the salient characteristics of the youth thus roughly jostled into adult existence? We find a highly nervous, we might almost say unstable mentality; a vast fund of curiously intermittent energy, responsive only to intense stimulation; the arrogant under-valuation of 'intellectual' as opposed to 'creative' capacity, not infrequently associated with the 'artistic' temperament; an imagination almost illimitable in its outlook, but contemptuous of detail; and a great tendency to what he and his admirers call 'simplification.' This his critics might rather describe as an enormous power of generalisation from prejudiced and superficial observations. Such were and such are his most salient qualifications.

In Vienna he spent five miserable years. For the city itself he conceived a passionate dislike, which further increased his hate for the 'ramshackle' Empire it

represented. His German pride was outraged by the cosmopolitanism of the once German capital. The contrast of extreme wealth and extreme poverty, the glaring exhibition of public vice shocked the young provincial. Fallen himself from a condition of comparative if modest comfort into the pathetic and sordid underworld of an industry, where no provision existed for those broken in the struggle, he seems to have felt for the first, and perhaps the last time in his life, a sincere sympathy for human suffering. His description of the gradual decline of individuals and families from the status of settled labour, into the hand-to-mouth existence of chance employment, is both just and sympathetic. This 'submerged' period, however, left very unfortunate traces on Hitler's subsequent outlook. Five years of almost unbroken intercourse with the most depressed and too often most degraded classes gave him a very low idea of average human nature and average human capacity. For the 'mass' or 'masses' he has nothing but profound contempt. They are merely the raw material to be used—or used up—by superior intelligence, in the service of a supreme will, and in the interests of racial greatness and aggrandisement. Similarly, the indifference of the employing classes of Vienna to all that is succinctly styled 'social reform,' first awakened in him that contempt for the 'bourgeoisie' which is so often and so freely expressed. As regards politics, the alternate violence and apathy which marked debate in a Chamber which included so many incompatible strains, where attendance was paid for by the day, and where, as he foresaw, universal suffrage must in the long run produce a Slav majority, started the passionate dislike of parliamentary institutions which has ever since distinguished him. But all these minor aversions soon paled before the detestation which he conceived for two final objects of hate: the Marxist and the Jew.

It is not quite clear to what types Hitler in his 'Mein Kampf' applies the Marxist appellation: namely, whether he included under the term Socialists and Communists alike. At first he was somewhat attracted by their professions of sympathy for the less fortunate classes; but he soon realised that these were merely a cover for political ambition. Their arid intellectual theories dis-

gusted one who had always placed intuition above intellect; and in fine he found they cared not a jot for any race, the German race least of all. They were, indeed, he claimed, secretly led by a race not only un-German but, as he soon came to believe, specifically anti-German. Yet despite all this aversion to Marxian tenets and much controversy with Marxian speakers, he was greatly impressed by their methods. For the first time they introduced him to mass meetings, mass oratory, mass propaganda; and he confessed later on that from them he had borrowed many hints for his National Socialist Organisation.

The few Jews he had known in his earlier surroundings had become Europeanised in external appearance, and were, he ingenuously remarks, so like 'other human beings' that, as he admits in 'Mein Kampf,' he looked on them as Germans unjustly penalised for their faith. But now for the first time he came across the Galician Jew, with his black ringlets, his semi-oriental dress, his guttural tongue, and realised that he was emphatically *not* German; that he was, in fact, less German, so to speak, than any Slav who trod the streets of Vienna. No, the Jews were not Germans. But they filled the places Germans should have filled, made money out of Germans, and even out of German weaknesses. For in every agency of vice which that by no means puritanical city afforded you were certain to find at least one Jew. He failed to realise that, to the misfortune of that ancient race, those of its members who come most in contact with the outside world are not infrequently those of whom their community is most ashamed. Nor did he remember that for the one Jew he had reprobated, he could have found a posse of German accomplices. And finally, he argued, was not Marxism itself Jewish? since its founder, Marx, was indubitably a Jew. The Jew thus became for Hitler a scapegoat for all the evils to be found in a German community. And finally, when, then or later, he came across the forged Protocols, he was able to persuade himself that this ubiquitous Jew aimed at nothing less than the World Dominion which should properly belong to Germany. From all these materials Hitler constructed a logical—or rather illogical—basis for that edifice of ferocious race hatred adumbrated in 'Mein Kampf,' and so terribly realised in his later Jewish persecution.

Meanwhile during the last two years of his stay in Vienna his circumstances somewhat improved. He was able to establish himself in a modest independence by doing small sketches; and two years later transferred himself to Munich. Here he probably spent the two happiest years of his life. For Munich he seems to have conceived the highest affection of which he has ever been capable. Munich is German; Munich is beautiful—in his eyes supremely beautiful, for Hitler prefers the classical or pseudo-classical to the Gothic. Finally, Munich was then a centre of artistic activity. And though the relations of Bavaria and Berlin were not invariably cordial, his stay in Munich no doubt brought him more closely into touch with manifestations of Prussian thought, the Prussian spirit, and Prussian Pan-Germanism. Thus to the compatriot of Maria Theresa, Frederick the Great of Prussia had become the ideal German.

This peaceful interlude was rudely interrupted by the Great War. Hitler welcomed it with fervour. He had always, so he says, longed for an heroic age when men might once more fight and die for German supremacy. He asked, and obtained, permission to join a Bavarian regiment, and served throughout the war. His service seems to have been mainly in Flanders, where he conceived a wholesome respect for the British Tommy and a respect equally profound for the propaganda methods of Lord Northcliffe. The young artist in the course of four years service, was three times a 'casualty'; and three times he received the honour of an Iron Cross (First, Second, and Third Class). This shows he was a good soldier, though his comrades, it is said, were bored by his 'high-falutin' patriotism. But he ended the war in the modest rank of corporal, which shows that his superior officers did not detect in him any special military aptitude.

Meanwhile, the war came to its abrupt end. The final catastrophe fell with appalling force upon Hitler, then lying sick and half blind in a military hospital. That the proud Prussian Empire, the great German race should suffer a military downfall was bad enough; that it should collapse into the arms of 'Democrats' and 'Marxists' (of course Jew-inspired) seemed a yet more crushing blow to Hitler's racial pride and all his racial ambitions.

For the weak and ineffective Weimar Republic, subservient, as he thought, to the victors, Hitler had nothing but scorn. Yet, to do him justice, he never, at this moment of her greatest humiliation, wavered in his passionate devotion to his country. Her regeneration and aggrandisement remained, as ever, the ruling passion of his life. Even before his discharge from the army he was forming plans for her reconstruction; and for this purpose, in July 1919, he joined a humble little group of six calling itself the German Labour Party. To inspire the masses by its means was his ambition; and of this party and of its modest funds his energy and patriotic fervour soon made him master. He rapidly evinced great oratorical fluency and a power of retort, trained in former contests with the Marxists of Vienna. He made an exhaustive study of the technique of mass control and mass suggestion, in which he considered Mr Lloyd George a past-master. Nor was he wanting in that curious magnetic sympathy with, and from, his audience for which the latter statesman is distinguished. Thus Hitler by temperament and self-training is before all things the mass orator; his appeal is to the common denominators of mind and feeling latent in vast crowds.

Inspired by his passionate racial fervour rather than by any formal programme, the party advanced by leaps and bounds. On Feb. 21, 1920, it held its first great meeting. It soon acquired a name, a flag, and the vigorous opposition of the 'Reds.' By the end of 1922 its trained 'chuckers out' had become 'storm troopers.' In the same year the successes of Mussolini in Italy set him an example of revolutionary tactics, of 'hierarchie' and 'dictatorial' method, which greatly encouraged Hitler.

Meanwhile, among Hitler's increasing adherents may be traced two strains which, according to Dr Rauschning, have exercised a very deleterious influence on their Leader's career. To women as women Herr Hitler is understood to be singularly indifferent; but as flatterers, as devotees, and later on as the tools of a personal Secret Service, they are said to have played a great part in his life. By them his increasing megalomania must have been greatly fostered. Among the men recruits, on the other hand, the comparatively mild

enthusiasts of the earlier days were being rapidly ousted by demobilised and unemployed ex-soldiers, many of them reckless 'soldiers of fortune,' in other words, adventurers; and with them, perhaps, lies a responsibility for the obviously increasing ruthlessness of Hitler's policy and temper.

The French invasion of the Ruhr, and the failure of the German passive resistance policy, evoked in Germany a fierce reaction against the Weimar Government. Hitler and General Ludendorff co-operated in an ill-planned and futile attempt at an armed rising, for which Hitler was condemned to 'honourable detention' in a fortress. Here, with the assistance of his 'secretary,' Hess, he wrote his world-famous manifesto 'Mein Kampf.' Unless we credit Herr Hess with a far larger share in this composition than seems at all probable, it certainly does credit to Hitler's breadth of imagination and powers of expression. Cumbrous in form, diffuse and digressive, it is yet singularly arresting. Crude and superficial in its outlook, full of unconscious plagiarism, the fruit of that desultory reading which Hitler describes as study, it yet derives unity and force from the way in which the one compelling passion of his life pervades the whole. In it we find sketched the vast programme which he has done so much to realise. We see before us the outline of a national policy in which every aim, every art, every emotion, every effort, every individual life, every individual hope is subordinated to racial ambitions. The language, in general, is more restrained than that of his later utterances—save in two cases. For the invaders of the Ruhr he has nothing but the fiercest invective; for the Jew nothing but almost insane vituperation. As to Britain, he is obviously sitting on a very awkward fence. For his foreign policy at this stage contemplated, alternatively, an alliance with Britain and Italy against the Russian Empire, and an alliance with Russia against the British Empire. The former he thought the more desirable; the latter the more probably attainable. In either case, of course, the German race would stand to obtain the largest share of such 'chestnuts' as might accrue from the ensuing 'fire.' So much for 'Mein Kampf.'

On Hitler's release from captivity he resumed, with



increasing success, his party campaign, and by 1930 his followers entered parliament as a phalanx of 107 members.

On the tortuous political negotiations which during the years 1932-34 brought Hitler to the summit of his immediate ambitions (as Chancellor under an almost moribund President) there is no need to dwell. For it is impossible to say how far this spectacular result was the fruit of his own astuteness, of his opponents' folly, or of sheer good luck. Almost immediately upon it followed the Reichstag fire, which brought the party into power at the ensuing election with 288 seats. Six months later, by the massacre of 1000 Storm-troopers, and concomitant murder of many party and political opponents, a presumed impending mutiny of Captain Röhm and a section of the Storm-troops was bloodily forestalled. Little more than a month later died the old President Hindenburg. His last counsels, it is said, were disregarded, his 'Testament' burked, and Hitler at once succeeded to more than the combined powers of the two great Offices.

How, we may now ask, did the Hitler of 1932-4 differ from the Hitler of 'Mein Kampf'? What changes had been wrought in him by the ten intervening years? In answering this question we can claim valuable assistance. It was during this interval that an official intercourse began between Hitler and Dr Rauschning, a distinguished member and later on President of the Danzig Senate; a Nazi who had hitherto only seen the Führer through the idealising haze of distance. The stages of his gradual disillusion can be traced in the copious notes of these discussions; which, as an exile, he has recently published.

For the Hitler of 1932-4 was emphatically not the Hitler of 1924. When he had written 'Mein Kampf' his fortitude, nervous energy, and such mental balance as he ever possessed had apparently reached their zenith. They had carried him triumphantly not only through four years of fierce fighting, a test which had tried to the uttermost the animal spirit of men physically stronger, but also through four years of arduous political propaganda. But eight more years of exhausting excitement, enervating adulation, and brutalising companionship had left their mark on a nervous system never very stable, and a character more vehement than strong. Self-confidence

had become megalomania. Racial ambition had become a racial fanaticism 'to madness near allied.' The dream of a Germany restored to all and more than all her former grandeur had developed into the phantasmagoria of a German world dominion; for the attainment of which he was ready to sacrifice 'millions' of fine young followers. Anything in the form of an obstacle to the realisation of this racial crusade now evoked from him paroxysms of fury. Once no doubt a natural reaction of nerves strained to breaking-point, these fits of passion became later on a means, consciously stimulated, and too often effective, of cowing opposition; though beneath these Dr Rauschning was able to discern a growing physical timidity. He had never known the restraint of principle, whether religious or moral; he had now cast aside, where the interests of Germany were concerned, the last vestige of scruple; and cynically avowed his political debt to Machiavelli. He had never been very susceptible of the kindlier emotions; now, though he could assume the mask of geniality, he had grown callous. For the 'effeminate pity-ethics' of 'Jew-born' Christianity he professed unmitigated scorn; among the crowd it must be replaced by the religion of Race and Soil. His own creed had shrunk into belief in a mystic fate, whose fiats there may be methods of forecasting for those who are adept.

In force and fear he now saw the only efficient instruments of government; in law and law courts but useful organs of coercion. Yet Rauschning thought his ruthlessness rather affected than natural; assumed to avert the contempt of his more brutal followers. For these sordid adventurers, already securing themselves by the basest means against possibly impending disaster, Dr Rauschning conceived a whole-hearted disgust. Whatever Hitler might be, above these at least he towered. He at least had visions which transcended the obvious and the material, and aims not purely personal.

Such is the man on whose shoulders for the last six years there has seemed to rest the whole burden of Germany's future. What we ask has been his real responsibility? How far has he had a free hand? In his previous pronouncements we may, I think, read our answer.

Let us begin with foreign affairs. As respects these,

the general outline and the final word in policy have been undoubtedly his own. Rumour speaks of War Office efforts to deflect the course of events, which have hitherto always ended in the elimination of the malcontents. Foreign Affairs and diplomatists have been the object of Hitler's ridicule, in his more private moments; and the world knows his indifference for Treaty obligations and for the restraints of International Law. He has, it is said, his own Secret Service, which explores and exploits the less savoury purlieus of political life, National and International, and which organises pro-German intrigues among German minorities abroad. He is no doubt personally answerable for the Rhineland re-entry, for the 'Dollfuss putsch' (excluding probably the murder), for the 'Rape' of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, and presumably for the Russian pact. It was he who foreshadowed the policy of 'transplanting' Slav minorities—the 'Hussite-Bolshevik' minority in particular; and of deliberately restricting the birthrate among subject Slav populations.

Internal policy has also, in its main features, followed the rescripts of his racial theories. Employers and employed, the professions, and so far as possible the Churches, law and justice, education and the press, the arts and radio, the family and the individual are all now harnessed to the car of racial ambition. He has, indeed, fulfilled the promise which did so much to bring him into power; he has 'liquidated' unemployment; but it 'passed out' through the doors of the war munition factories.

If we turn to the more sinister aspects of his 'reign,' we find it now certain that he endorsed if he did not initiate the disgraceful episode of the Reichstag fire. On the other hand, it is no less certain, that his assent to the Storm-troop holocaust of June 1934 was obtained with difficulty; that, though, at the moment, he threw himself with passion into the ensuing slaughter, its extent was sedulously concealed from him; and that his subsequent reaction was one of horror and disgust. A persecution of the Jews he had from the first foreshadowed; and he foretold with accuracy the policy since pursued against recalcitrant Roman priests. How far the inception of the concentration camp and the Gestapo lies upon him we do

not know ; but he has complacently boasted of imitating Bolshevik methods, and has openly condoned the excesses of a terrorist police.

When, however, we pass from policy to practice, from major to minor issues, the emphasis shifts. Hitler has no administrative ability. For facts and details—financial details more especially—he has always expressed an arrogant contempt, which must inevitably throw the working out of his policies into subordinate hands. He himself maintained in Dr Rauschning's presence, and with some asperity, that he is anything but a 'dictator'; that he finds himself always obliged to consult with the chiefs of the party, the Gauleiters or provincial heads more especially ; and that he never takes a decision in which he cannot carry them along—or carry them away—with him. This power of the party chiefs must be enhanced by the fact that Hitler has for long kept himself aloof from the day-to-day conduct of affairs, in his strange mountain retreat above Berchtesgaden. Whether this must be ascribed to ever increasing nervous indolence, or to the dexterous management of subordinates, who find a prophet more impressive to the public, and more amenable to themselves, in the depths of a mysterious seclusion, we cannot tell. What truth may lie behind those rumours of tortured days and haunted nights, which Dr Rauschning seems to endorse, though without quoting any authority, we are even less entitled to decide.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

## Art. 10.—EUTHANASIA.

I PROPOSE to discuss the question of euthanasia from a purely practical point of view without allowing sentiment or questions of right and wrong to influence my argument. Those who support the legalisation of euthanasia agree that it should be practised only on people who are afflicted with an incurable disease, which is causing suffering of such severity that it cannot be controlled by any form of treatment. If it can be shown that no man's judgment is infallible as to what is incurable—quite apart from the fact that what is incurable to-day may, quite unexpectedly, become curable to-morrow—and that there is scarcely any suffering, however severe, which cannot be to a great extent controlled by drugs or surgery, then there is no case for the legalisation of euthanasia. I believe that, using these criteria, the practice of euthanasia can be shown to have no justification.

Cases do certainly occur in which euthanasia appears to be most desirable, but unfortunately these do not come within the scope of the Euthanasia Act, which requires the expressed desire of the patient that his life should be terminated. I refer in the first place to newborn infants with severe deformities or with conditions which preclude any possibility of normal mental development. Secondly, and more important from the patient's own point of view, are cases in which an intelligent man becomes paralysed and at the same time loses the power of communicating his thoughts by speech or writing, so that all intellectual communication with his relatives and friends is shut off; his power of understanding written words may also be lost. Such a condition does not give rise to pain, but it may cause intense mental suffering over long periods, and it is, of course, quite impossible for the patient to communicate to his friends any desire he may feel for euthanasia.

The possibility of curing many of the diseases which are now most amenable to treatment was regarded as out of the question a few years or even a few weeks before the new discovery was published. In the autumn of 1922 a young man with severe diabetes was suffering from a very painful complication of that disease. It was clear that he could not live for long, but his relatives were naturally

much distressed that he should be tormented with pain during the last weeks of his short life. Then one day he read that Banting of Toronto had discovered a cure for diabetes. He was too ill to undertake the long journey to Canada, and it was thought that the particular complication from which he was suffering would probably make successful treatment impossible. Early in 1923 he was told that Professor Blum of Strasbourg had happened to be in Toronto when Banting's first paper was published and that Banting had given him some of his 'insulin.' Arrangements were at once made for him to visit Strasbourg, where Blum gave him the insulin treatment with complete success, so that his diabetes was controlled and the painful complication was cured.

In 1873 Sir John Erichsen, professor of surgery at University College, London, in an address to his students said, 'I believe that we have at length reached something like finality in the mere manipulative act of surgery,' and 'the surgeon must in future be content to repeat those operations that have been inaugurated by the genius and perfected by the skill of his predecessors.' 'There must be certain portions of the human frame,' he added, 'that will ever remain sacred from the intrusion of the knife—at least, in the surgeon's hand.' This was said six years after Lister's first publication on antiseptics, which were eventually to make possible the modern surgery of the abdomen, chest and head. At that time ovariectomy was the only abdominal operation, and the stomach, duodenum and gall-bladder were regarded as beyond the reach of surgery, and Erichsen regarded attempts to remove the kidney and spleen as nothing better than 'a bold experiment on the power of endurance of the human frame.' In 1930 Lord Moynihan, the sponsor of the Euthanasia Act in the House of Lords, followed in Erichsen's footsteps by claiming that 'the craft of surgery has in truth reached its limit in respect both of range and of safety. . . . We are at the end of a chapter.' Had he been alive to-day he would, I believe, have been the first to agree that the ten years which have elapsed since he made this statement have witnessed advances in surgery, especially of the chest and head, which are as striking as any of those of the preceding twenty years.

The advocates of legalised euthanasia have an

unjustified confidence in the ability of two independent qualified medical practitioners to decide with certainty whether a patient is suffering from an incurable malady. A young man called on a London physician in 1909 and asked him to go into the country to see his mother, who was dying from cancer. He added that the general practitioner and a consultant who had been called in, in both of whom he had complete confidence, had assured him that there was no hope and that she would be dead within a week, but that she had insisted on a further consultation, which he himself regarded as a waste of money. The physician found reasons for doubting the diagnosis and suggested a new form of treatment. In 1930 he received a letter from the patient saying that she had just celebrated her eightieth birthday and wished to thank him for curing her when she was dying from cancer twenty-one years ago!

On Feb. 25 of this year the following letter was received at Guy's Hospital from an old patient. 'I have just come across the enclosed copy of my "death certificate." It occurred to me that you might like to include it among your records. I have had little ill-health since I last wrote about two years ago, and, most amazing of all, I have been passed fit for service with the National Defence Companies and am awaiting calling up.' The 'death certificate' is a letter to the patient's brother from the commanding officer of a London military hospital, from which he was subsequently transferred to Guy's Hospital suffering from pernicious anæmia. It runs as follows: 'I have interviewed the M.O. i/c of your Brother's case and regret to inform you that there is practically no hope of his recovery.' This was written on Oct. 11, 1921, eighteen and a half years ago and six years before the discovery of the modern liver treatment, which incidentally he has never required.

Some years ago a distinguished surgeon, perhaps the greatest authority at the time on diseases of the gullet, asked a general practitioner in Devon to look after a patient of his. 'She has,' he wrote, 'a malignant growth of the upper œsophagus and can only swallow drops of milk. Relieve her pain with morphia. There is nothing more to do.' Nobody who knew the surgeon would say that he would ever have made such a diagnosis without



mature consideration, yet the patient made a perfect recovery and went out to India as a missionary.

More commonly the mistake is the result of some widely accepted error in pathological interpretation. All tumours of the lower bowel were formerly regarded as malignant; as many of them could not be removed the patients died after a short and painful illness unless a colostomy was performed. In 1910 Dr Maxwell Telling discovered that tumours of this kind were often not malignant at all, but the result of diverticulitis. He examined the specimens in several hospital museums and found that a large proportion were really examples of diverticulitis, a condition which can now generally be cured without operation.

In 1922 a physician advised a deeply jaundiced hospital patient to undergo an operation in the hope that he was suffering from chronic inflammation of his pancreas and not from cancer, which appeared to be the more likely diagnosis. The surgeon performed an operation which relieved the jaundice, but what he saw convinced him that cancer was present. Some five years later the physician was stopped in the street by a burly policeman, who said, 'You don't seem to recognise me, doctor. I am your patient from A—— ward, who was sent home to die from cancer of the pancreas.' Since that time many similar cases have been seen, and it is still impossible for a surgeon to decide with certainty whether the pancreas is inflamed and the patient will recover or whether cancer is present and death will ensue within a few months.

It is remarkable how slowly malignant disease may develop, and how comfortable a patient may sometimes remain in spite of its presence. In 1910 a man was operated upon for obstruction of his bowel by cancer, the diagnosis being confirmed by microscopical examination of a fragment of the tumour. It proved impossible to remove the growth and a colostomy was performed. He remained well and active for twenty-two years; the growth then suddenly became progressive again and he died a few months later.

I think that I have brought forward sufficient evidence to show that the most experienced physicians and surgeons may make serious mistakes in diagnosis and prognosis, and that a disease which is universally regarded as incurable may as the result of some unexpected discovery

suddenly become curable. Pain can always be controlled by morphia. For an incurable and painful disease there need be no limit to the dose. It is true that it must be steadily increased as the patient becomes accustomed to it, but it never loses its efficacy. In his plea for the legalisation of euthanasia in the 'Quarterly Review' of last January, Dr R. F. Rattray says, 'If drugs are given there is the horror of the return to agony.' But the return to full consciousness is very gradual and there is ample time to give a further dose of morphia before any great discomfort—let alone 'agony'—returns. Dr Rattray also suggests that the prescription of effective doses of opiates leads to the risk of 'inducing a craving which will substitute the horrors of morphia-mania for those of unrelieved pain.' It is true that some patients under the continuous influence of morphia develop a craving for the drug, but there is no good reason for withholding it, and 'the horrors of morphia-mania' never occur.

When it is believed that a patient is suffering from an incurable disease which produces a degree of pain which cannot be controlled by any drug but morphia, sufficient should be given to keep him permanently free from pain. The dose has to be gradually increased and an injection is given as often as necessary. Towards the end he generally sleeps for most of the day and night. When he wakes, his mind is in a dream-like state in which he may appear to be perfectly happy. He then smiles to his friends, says a few words, takes a little food, and soon falls asleep again. The usual initial dose is a quarter of a grain three or four times a day; it may be as high as fifty grains in the day before the end; but there is no reason why a doctor should have any hesitation in prescribing huge doses when they are needed in such cases. If certain other drugs are given simultaneously, the patient is more likely to be comfortable and mentally clear during his waking periods.

Mr Robert Harding \* has told how his doctor refused to carry out his wife's request that the agony which her incurable malady was causing her should be brought to an end, saying, 'My duty is to save life if I can, and, if not,

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\* 'The Nineteenth Century and After,' August 1938.

to prolong it.' Few doctors would accept the second half of this sentence as a correct guide to action in such circumstances. Nothing is more stupid than the administration of stimulants or other drugs with the object of prolonging life in a patient dying from an incurable and painful malady. The one object of the doctor should be to make the patient's end as peaceful and free from pain or discomfort as possible, even if his treatment shortens life or may accidentally lead to the desired euthanasia. Bacon's advice to physicians to acquire the skill whereby the dying man may pass more easily out of life was rightly termed euthanasia by him; it is, in fact, practised by every humane doctor, although the word has now come to mean the painless killing of a patient with all the hideous procedure recommended in the Euthanasia Bill. It is insufficiently realised that many patients who die from inoperable cancer never suffer from severe pain. Professor I. Holmgren of Stockholm, who always had a considerable number of patients dying from cancer of the stomach in his wards at the Serafina Hospital, told me that he rarely found it necessary to give them any stronger drug than aspirin so long as they were carefully dieted and well nursed.

I have so far only spoken of the control of pain by drugs. But attempts to overcome pain by local injections of alcohol and by operation are proving increasingly successful. The subject is in fact now of sufficient importance to warrant the publication of a five-hundred-page monograph on 'The Surgery of Pain,' by Professor Leriche of Strasbourg. The surgical treatment of pain is of particular importance when the painful disease is one which is not likely to be rapidly fatal and the use of morphia is consequently undesirable.

ARTHUR HURST.

## Art. 11.—NATIONALISM AND FEDERALISM.

1. *The Twenty Years Crisis, 1919-1939.* By E. H. Carr. Macmillan, 1939.
2. *The Whispering Gallery of Europe.* By Major-General A. C. Temperley-Collins. Revised Ed. Collins, 1939.
3. *Nationalism.* A Report by Members of the R.I.I.A. O.U.P., 1939.
4. *Nationality and Government.* By Sir Alfred Zimmern. Chatto & Windus, 1918.
5. *The History of Freedom.* By Lord Acton. Macmillan, 1907.
6. A. Hamilton and Others. *The Federalist.* 1788.
7. *The Paths that Led to War.* By John Mackintosh. Blackie & Sons, 1940.

THE years between 1919 and 1939 constituted, in the strict sense, a Tragedy, culminating in the catastrophe of the Hitler War. 'Tragedy' and 'catastrophe' are among the most grievously overworked and misused words in the language. They are here used in the sense attached to them in Greek drama. Evidently we have now reached the turning-point, we may hope the 'conclusion' (καταστροφή), of a great drama. Evidently that drama possesses every element of real tragedy. The purpose of 'tragedy' is to excite pity and fear. But, as Andrew Bradley in a brilliant analysis points out, 'Pity for mere misfortune, like fear of it, is not tragic pity or fear.' Tragedy exhibits a conflict between 'powers rightfully claiming human allegiance. . . . The essentially tragic fact is the self-division and intestinal warfare of the ethical substance, not so much the war of good with evil, as the war of good with good.' 'Oxford Lectures on Poetry' (pp. 70-71). Thus Orestes, impelled by filial piety to avenge his father and ordered by the gods to do so, kills his mother, the murderess of his father. Another sin against filial piety.

Accepting, then, Hegel's theory as interpreted by Bradley, we cannot fail to perceive that the events of the 'armed-peace' period constitute a real tragedy. Good has been in conflict with good. The principle of nationalism, self-determination, is good; the principle of world-order, as embodied in a scheme devised to sustain it, is

also good. The two principles have been, throughout the period under review, in perpetual conflict, and have resulted in the catastrophe in which we now find ourselves involved.

Both principles—that of self-determination and that of world-order—were affirmed in the Peace Settlement of 1919. The great European settlement effected at Vienna in 1815 had been consistently assailed by historians throughout the nineteenth century, on the ground that it violated the sacred principle of nationality. Belgium incorporated in the Kingdom of the Netherlands; Genoa sacrificed to the ambition of the House of Savoy, Venice to that of the Habsburgs; Norway carelessly tossed to Sweden—these were sins against the light flashed from Paris at the Revolution; they ignored the forces liberated (unintentionally) by Napoleon in Germany and Italy, not to add in Illyria. Such blunders or crimes must not be repeated by the enlightened statesmen who assembled in Paris in January 1919. '*Quand Dieu efface, c'est qu'il se prépare à écrire.*' Bossuet was right. If God cleans the slate it is only in order to write on it something fresh. President Wilson, deputising for the Almighty, wrote on the slate these words: 'Self-determination,' 'Democracy,' and 'Perpetual Peace.' What statesmen in 1919 could question the authority or deny the validity of the new revelation? European practices were to be redefined in accord with the principle of nationality; the world was to be made safe for democracy; and perpetual peace was to be maintained by the machinery devised for a League of Nations.

If the Treaties of Vienna were subjected to much doctrinaire criticism throughout the nineteenth century, the Peace Treaties of 1919-23 have been most unfairly assailed in the last twenty years. Of course mistakes were made. The settlement of 1919 would probably have been a better one had the negotiators in Paris been less conscientious, and more experienced in diplomacy, had the precedent of Vienna been more closely followed and the business left in the hands of professionals, military and diplomatic. All the same the politicians have been unjustly blamed. Much mischief was done before they met in Paris. The 'ramshackle' Empire of the

Habsburgs had already been broken up into its constituent fragments. The problems implicit in the creation of Czechoslovakia and in the circumscription and isolation of Austria were already in being, if as yet unperceived. Moreover, how could human ingenuity reconcile the nationalism of Poland with that of Prussia; the just claims of Roumania with the equally unassailable rights of Hungary; the security of France with the racial integrity of Germany? Mr Woodrow Wilson would have saved himself much embarrassment if he had not abruptly rejected the suggestions made to him on behalf of the French Government by M. Jusserand, French Ambassador in Washington on Nov. 29, 1918. The proposal was that preliminary terms of peace should be dictated to Germany without delay, and that later on a Congress should meet at which both neutral and enemy Powers should be represented. In particular the French Government proposed that all secret treaties should be cancelled. Had these eminently sensible (and for Mr Wilson particularly convenient) proposals been adopted, the result might well have been much more satisfactory to all parties. In the event, and largely for lack of a settled procedure, the work done in Paris was disorderly, at once dilatory and hurried, and there were other unfortunate circumstances. The atmosphere in the French capital was far from conducive to calm consideration; of the 'big four' who were mainly responsible for the terms imposed on Germany, three were party politicians who were answerable to representative Parliaments and democratic constituencies much more vindictive in temper than their delegates in Paris; the fourth lacked the authority to commit the great country he was supposed to represent. Nevertheless, immense pains were taken by the peace-makers to draw the frontiers of the new Europe on ethnical lines, to reconcile the sharply conflicting interests of the peoples concerned, and in doubtful cases to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants of disputed territories by referendum. In several instances where it was impossible to avoid the perpetuation or creation of racial or religious minorities most elaborate precautions were taken to provide for their protection.

The cardinal blunder made at Paris was the attempt to reconcile irreconcilables; to build an elaborate super-

structure on foundations that could not cohere; to embody in a single document principles that were fundamentally inconsistent. The Peace Treaties, while they embodied the most elaborate peace project ever conceived, at the same time by multiplying 'nations' and conferring upon them the 'dangerous gift of economic autonomy,' accentuated, as M. Francis Deloisi has pertinently observed, the tendencies to international conflicts. Thus 'nationalism,' almost deified by the liberal philosophers and historians of the Victorian era, is now anathematised alike by preachers and politicians. The Victorians actually regarded nationality as the condition of liberty. 'It is in general a necessary condition of free institutions that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities': so John Stuart Mill wrote in 'Representative Government' (1861). He admitted, indeed, that the general principle was not infrequently overridden by particular considerations, as for instance in Hungary; but he insisted on the close connection between liberty and nationality—not, of course, with the fanaticism of a Mazzini, to whom nationality was the basis and condition of liberty. For it was in the Italian *Risorgimento* that the alliance between the doctrines of liberty and nationality was most perfectly realised. Upon the dual foundation Italian unification was achieved.

Not that nationalism invariably makes for political integration. In the Ottoman and Habsburg Empires it operated as a principle of disintegration. But whatever its reactions Lord Acton would have none of it. He recognised it, indeed, as a valuable 'corrective alike of absolute monarchy, of democracy, and of constitutionalism, as well as of the centralisation which is common to all three.' But in his view the theory of nationality was essentially 'a retrograde step in history' ('Freedom,' p. 298). Next to Napoleon, Metternich appeared to him to be the 'chief promotor of nationality.' But so far from nationalism being, as Mill imagined, co-extensive with liberty, it is its deadly opponent. To liberty Acton was devoted. But 'liberty provokes diversity, and diversity preserves liberty.' If, as he firmly held, 'the establishment of liberty for the realisation of moral ends be the end of civil society,' the most perfect States are



those which 'like the British and the Austrian Empires, include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them.' (Incidentally, Acton's illustration brings into rather remarkable association those two Empires in a manner which would hardly have commended itself to Lord Acton's *fidus Achates* Mr Gladstone, and still less to Mazzini.) 'A State which is incompetent to satisfy different races condemns itself; a State which labours to neutralise, to absorb, or to expel them destroys its own vitality; a State which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government.' Such is Lord Acton's deliberate and emphatic conclusion; nor is it necessary to demonstrate the width of the gulf which separates him from the philosophers and historians of the preceding generation.

Sir Alfred Zimmern is almost as mistrustful of the nationality principle as Lord Acton, whose message to mankind it is, seemingly, Sir Alfred's mission to interpret. The closest, most exhaustive, and most scientific analysis of nationalism is, however, provided by a group of the members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs—more commonly known as Chatham House. Their method is strictly objective, and the result is a singularly impartial, though far from colourless, study, which derives additional authority from the practice of Chatham House to submit their Studies in draft to a number of British and foreign experts. The outstanding characteristic of the Report is, indeed, an extreme, somewhat irritating caution. We 'must not exaggerate this' or 'press that too far'; almost every affirmative is immediately followed by a limitation, a correction, or even a denial. Nevertheless the study is of great value, and leads to the conclusion (if 'conclusion' be not too definite a word) that nationalism is not, as some fondly imagine, likely to be superseded either by an intensification of class-solidarity between the nationals of different States, or by the momentarily more fashionable project of a Federal-Union. It is pointed out, in reference to nationalism, that there are at present three schools of thought. One school in fierce reaction alike against the dynastic State and against 'every kind of tyrannical interference,' 'emphasises the historical and philosophical connection of nationalism with liberal democracy,' con-

tending that 'nationalism is originally connected with the current of thought which found expression in the various declarations of the rights of man in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and which gave birth to the various democratic revolutions.' A second school argues that it is in no wise paradoxical that the modern nationalist should have acquiesced in the creation of totalitarian dictatorships, but that, on the contrary, the 'association between nationalism and liberal democracy in the nineteenth century was an association of two ideas which were fundamentally incompatible,' and that 'there is a logical necessity by which nationalism develops in the direction of authoritarian collectivism.' This view, according to the Chatham House group, 'would seem to be borne out by the study of the development of political ideas from Rousseau through Hegel to Mussolini and Hitler.' There is, however, a third school which denies that nationalism is logically or necessarily associated with any particular form of government, whether democratic and liberal, or dictatorial and totalitarian, though it 'tends to grow in intensity as a result, not of any inherent logic, but of peculiar circumstances which are only present in certain cases (*e.g.* Germany and Italy), and certain conditions (*e.g.* war).' This careful analysis leads to the conclusion, cautiously and tentatively stated, that 'any assumption that nation-States are likely to disappear in the near future would seem rash.'

A study of the Chatham House Essays may be usefully supplemented by that of the other books the titles of which are prefixed to this article, and in particular by 'The Twenty Years Crisis' by Professor E. H. Carr, and by Major General Temperley's 'The Whispering Gallery of Europe.' Both these books are largely concerned with the experiment embodied in the League of Nations and the causes of its failure, but they approach the subject from different angles. General Temperley is mainly interested in personal forces, and his portraits of the leading politicians of the post-war period are especially interesting and important. He pays a cordial tribute to the competence and zeal of officials like Sir Eric Drummond (Lord Perth) and Sir Alexander Cadogan. The former, as all the world knows, was the first Secretary-General of the League and continued to hold that office

until 1932. He was the ideal official, 'unemotional, cautious, and shrewd,' but concealing below the surface 'a vision and a fire which his great office had inspired in him.' 'His resource never failed when difficulties were greatest and his judgment was extremely accurate.' Sir Alexander Cadogan, the head of the League of Nations Department of the Foreign Office, acted as secretary to the British delegations at Geneva. 'He knew everything, was never in a hurry—never ruffled' and 'possessed an uncanny judgment of the right course to adopt in a given situation. . . . He shunned enthusiasms but he really believed in the League.' It is pleasant to record General Temperley's opinion, based on experience both of Whitehall and Geneva, that 'our diplomatic service to-day stands head and shoulders above that of any other country.' Next to our own he put the French, 'but they are so handicapped by the continual changes of government and by the extent to which internal politics permeate their Service that they are obliged to trim their sails to each fresh wind.' Among the politicians General Temperley reserved his warmest commendations for Aristide Briand, the 'finest orator at Geneva, and a zealot for peace, and Sir Austen Chamberlain, whose 'personal prestige at Geneva was very great.' Dr Stresemann unquestionably 'gave his life for peace,' and there is a good word also for Dr Brüning, whose failure to induce the Disarmament Conference to revise the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty was a proximate cause of Herr Hitler's advent to power. Among the villains of the Geneva drama General Temperley puts highest M. Tardieu and M. Laval. Incidentally it is interesting to note that General Temperley himself started with suspicion of the League, but while admitting that there was 'a great deal of cant and hypocrisy connected with it,' he gradually shed his suspicions and 'became its firm supporter.' On the whole subject, and more particularly on the history of the Disarmament Conference, his book will remain a *locus classicus*.

Written from an entirely different angle Professor Carr's book is also of a different texture. It is a closely reasoned argument based on the antithesis of utopia and reality. Post-war utopianism was really founded upon a transplantation from domestic into international soil of

Benthamite doctrine—the idea of the ‘harmony of interests,’ a belief in the doctrine that the good of the whole is promoted by the greatest good of the greatest number. ‘The mirage of the post-war years was the belated reflection of a century past beyond recall—the golden age of continuously expanding territories and markets, of a world policed by the self-assured and not too onerous British hegemony, of a coherent “Western” civilisation whose conflicts could be harmonised by a progressive extension of the area of common development and exploitation, of the easy assumptions that what was good for one was good for all and that what was economically right could not be morally wrong’ (pp. 287–9). Such was the Utopia. The reality was something vastly different. ‘When the theories of liberal democracy were transplanted, by a purely intellectual process, to a period and to countries whose stage of development and whose practical needs were utterly different from those of Western Europe in the nineteenth century,’ the utopia ignominiously collapsed and its collapse brought with it despair (pp. 37, 287). No single individual was more responsible for bringing into being the League of Nations than General Smuts, and he confirms Professor Carr’s diagnosis. ‘The Covenant,’ he said (Dec. 31, 1937), ‘simply carries into world affairs that outlook of a liberal democratic society which is one of the great achievements of our human advance.’ Precisely. Unfortunately transplantation was fatal to the life of a tender growth. Liberal democracy is not a medicine which can be safely prescribed to every patient. Few nations have gone through the long disciplinary stages essential to its efficacy of the prescription. Still less is it a prescription capable of application to international affairs. Thus with real philosophic insight does Professor Carr indicate the essential cause of the failure of the latest project for the organisation of perpetual peace.

The League of Nations is misnamed: it is a League not of nations but of States, of Governments, and to this characteristic the Federalists attribute its failure. But of their proposals more presently. Meanwhile it is pertinent to observe that a league is of all forms of inter-State organisation the least coherent, the least effective, and the least permanent. Of such leagues there are many

examples in ancient and mediæval history. Mr Freeman devoted the greater part of his memorable *torso* on 'Federal Government' to various leagues formed between the city states of Hellas, the Bœotian, the Achæan, the Ætolian, and other leagues. The failure of Hellas to repel the Macedonian and Roman conquerors was, indeed, largely due to the reluctance or incapacity of the Hellenic cities to develop their leagues into a more coherent form of political organisation. The mediæval world witnessed several similar experiments. The Lombard cities entered into a league against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1164, and it was revived in opposition to Frederick II in 1228. The famous Hanseatic League, which attained to great importance in the thirteenth century, was primarily commercial in its origin and objects. It included a number of towns from Cologne in the south as far north as Wisby and Bergen, and did much to defend seaborne trade against piratical attacks. More strictly political were the leagues formed, in the later Middle Ages, within the jurisdiction of the Germanic or Holy Roman Empire.

Of these the most famous was the 'Old League of High Germany,' into which the Forest Communities of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden entered in 1291. In that League we have the germ of the Helvetic Republic, and it is in the history of that Republic that we can most clearly trace the evolution of federalism. The Swabian League of three Forest Cantons expanded during the first half of the fourteenth century into the Confederation of Eight Cantons. The resounding victory won by the peasants over the Habsburg Court at Morgarten (1315) brought fresh adherents to the League—Lucerne, the Imperial cities of Zurich and Berne, as well as Glarus and Zug. Expanding in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century into a confederacy of thirteen cantons, Switzerland maintained its independence until the end of the eighteenth century. The tie between the Confederated Cantons, never close, had been further weakened by the Reformation and by disputes as to the disposal of conquests which brought not only Germans but Italians and French-speaking Savoyards not, indeed, into the bosom of the Confederacy, but under the dominion of one of its component members. The confusion caused by the anomalous position of these

'subject lands' was deepened by the extreme contrast in the form of government presented, for instance, by the exclusive oligarchies of Berne and Freiburg and the direct democracies of the Forest Cantons.

Over this confused medley of governments, tongues, and races there passed in 1798 the steamroller of Napoleon's armies. Switzerland, loosely confederated, was transformed into a unified republic on the model of the Directorial Constitution of the Year III. Unification proved to be wholly incompatible with the cherished traditions of the Confederation, and on the fall of Napoleon the Powers at Vienna approved and guaranteed a Federal Constitution for Switzerland. Not, however, until 1848 did Switzerland adopt a scheme of government which was truly federal in texture. The scheme was extensively amended in 1874, but it still supplies the basis of government for the Helvetic Confederation. By that year the evolution from the protoplasm of 1291 was complete. As the League developed into a confederation—a *statenbünd*—the *statenbünd* has given place to a genuinely federal State—a *Bundesstätt*.

The United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, and the Commonwealth of Australia have reached the same goal of federalism; but the type of federalism adopted, while in each case conforming to the principles inherent in and essential to this form of polity, varies in certain details, and has been reached by a different route. The American Colonies claimed at the outset of the quarrel with the Mother-Country to be united to it only by common allegiance to the Crown, and repudiated the jurisdiction of a legislature in which they were not represented. The British Dominions did not repudiate that jurisdiction until 1926, and only since that date, or more formally since the enactment of the Statute of Westminster in 1931, has the legal tie between the Dominions and the United Kingdom been that of a *Personal Union*.\*

In a scientific classification of States the 'Personal Union' holds a place intermediate between a mere

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\* This statement must not be taken to ignore or underrate the importance of the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee and of the Privy Council (a complicated matter), still less that of the 'imponderables' referred to *infra*.

'league' and a 'confederation,' the sole tie between two or more States being provided by the monarch. From the sixteenth century until the nineteenth the ancient Kingdom of Hungary was united with the Archduchy (later the Empire) of Austria only by allegiance to a Common Sovereign. Threatened by the centralising policy of Joseph II, Hungarian autonomy was saved by the tact of his successor, Leopold II, only, however, to be sacrificed to the reaction which followed the abortive revolutions of 1848. After that Hungary was absorbed for nearly two decades into the Austrian Empire; but the defeat of Austria by Prussia in the war of 1866, impelled the Emperor Francis Joseph to accept the *Ausgleich* under which the two kingdoms were again placed on basis of complete equality, and technically of independence, modified only by a complicated system of 'delegations.' The Great War proved—not for the first time—the instability of a Personal Union, and Hungary and Austria were, to their mutual disadvantage, completely separated in 1918.

Of the instability of Personal Unions further illustrations had previously been furnished by the history of England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707, and of England and Ireland from 1783–1800. In both those cases Personal Union was superseded by organic union with a common executive and legislature. In the case of Sweden and Norway, united by common allegiance to the Bernadotte Monarchy from 1814 to 1905, the tie was resolved by the acquiescence of Sweden in Norwegian independence. The omens are happily more favourable in the case of the British Commonwealth, but the action of Mr de Valera and the attitude of General Hertzog are disagreeable indications of the centrifugal tendencies which lurk in the background of Personal Unions. The superb loyalty displayed for a second time in a single generation by Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, not to mention the successful resistance of General Smuts to the disloyal proclivities of General Hertzog, afford ground for hope that the British Commonwealth may prove to a disillusioned Germany that the imponderable ties which characterised by Burke as being 'light as air, are,' as he insisted, as 'strong as links of iron.' Yet we cannot ignore the truth that of the links which to-day bind the



British Empire together the strongest in fact, and the only one in law, is a 'golden link' supplied by the Crown.

In striking contrast to the proved coherence of a Commonwealth of Nations is the weakness, not less clearly demonstrated, of a League of States.

For the failure of this latest project of perpetual peace many reasons, not lacking in cogency, have been advanced. Of these some may be described as accidental or temporary; others are plainly inherent and fundamental. Mr Lloyd George, for example, attributes the failure of the League much less to the defects and contradictions of the Covenant than to the conduct of the politicians responsible for the working of the experiment. Notably he blames the selfishness of French politicians, and in particular of M. Poincaré, though he does not spare the 'second-rate statesmen' who (after October 1922!) inspired English policy. Nor does he acquit the United States, still less its President, Wilson, whose elaborate note in regard to the Turkish Treaty (of Sèvres) he characteristically describes as 'an intimation that America meant to leave us in the lurch, dropping a tract into our collection box to meet the crushing expenses of a policy for which the American President insisted on retaining a leading share in the responsibility' ('Peace Treaties,' p. 1301). Mr Lloyd George's censure falls, indeed, almost equally on 'the retreat of America and the treacheries of Europe.' He lays great stress also on the fact that the power to advise the reconsideration of 'treaties which have become inapplicable to international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world' (Article XIX of the Covenant) was not 'honestly applied.' Incidentally, we are reminded that it was in reliance on the efficacy of Article XIX that Mr Lloyd George himself, and still more President Wilson, acquiesced in certain provisions in the Peace Treaties which, apart from the powers of revision conferred upon the League, they would have stoutly resisted.

The refusal of the American Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles was indeed a blow from which the League of Nations never recovered. That refusal was, apart from personal considerations, mainly due to dislike of the

obligations imposed on all member-States, by Articles X and XVI of the Covenant. Those articles, in their obvious interpretation, meant that every member was pledged to fight, if necessary, for the territorial integrity of every other member, and (under given circumstances) to sever commercial and financial relations with any member-State which made war upon another member. Canada agreed with the United States in regarding these obligations as too onerous and peremptory, but did not carry opposition to the point of secession. As things worked out at Geneva, attempts were made by the League itself to water down the obligations, and all the world knows what happened when in defiance of its pledges Japan attacked China in 1931, and when, in 1935, the Italians marched into Ethiopia. It is true that in thirty or more minor if not unimportant cases the League succeeded in adjusting differences, and in a few cases in averting war. Yet the only dispute in which a Great Power was involved was that between Great Britain and the Turkish Republic about the vilayet of Mosul, when the Turkish-Iraq frontier was defined in favour of Great Britain (1926). On the other hand, Italy defied the League in reference to the Greek island of Corfu in 1923 not less bluntly than on the much larger question of Ethiopia. The most successful achievement of the League was the administration of the Saar territory from 1919 to 1935, and the conduct (with the help of British troops, assisted by contingents from Italy, Sweden, and Holland) of the plébiscite to decide its future. What would have happened if the vote had not been overwhelmingly in favour of reunion with the German Reich it is perhaps better not to speculate. There is, however, no reason to doubt that, thanks in large measure to the courage and tact of Sir Geoffrey Knox, the British chairman of the Governing Commission, the plébiscite was fairly taken; or that the result corresponded with the wishes of the inhabitants.

It is customary to include among the successes of the League the results achieved by the International Labour Office, which was set up by the Treaty of Versailles as a separate though parallel organisation at Geneva. The I.L.O. was particularly fortunate in its first two heads, M. Albert Thomas and Mr Harold Butler, now Warden

of Nuffield College at Oxford. Thanks in large measure to their tact and zeal the office did good work in securing the adoption of more than thirty Conventions relating to such matters as international sanitary regulations, the traffic in dangerous drugs and in women and children; and it collected and disseminated information about industrial and labour conditions, and encouraged the governments of the member-States, by legislation and administration, to bring up the standard in the more backward countries in respect of wages, hours of labour, etc., to that of the most advanced.

When all this is said, however, it must be acknowledged that the League failed in its most important objects: despite the strenuous efforts and the fine example given by Great Britain it could not bring about disarmament; it failed to protect the weaker nations against the aggressive action of Nazi Germany; nor has it averted the outbreak of a second world war.

The advocates of Federal Union contend that no League based on the principle of National Sovereignties ever has worked or ever can work. Of the recognition of this principle an inevitable consequence was the rule of unanimity laid down for the Council of the League. So long as the League is composed of Sovereign States no State could permit itself to be involved in war or committed to any action that might lead to it without its own consent. The *liberum veto* wrecked the League as it wrecked the old Constitution of Poland. But the Sovereign States could no more surrender the privilege than the sovereign lords of aristocratic Poland.

The Federal Unionists have already a considerable following in this country, especially among the younger generation, and the British Labour Party has formally incorporated the Federal principle in its statement of Peace Aims. Federalists point to the example of the United States. The Colonies united by the *Articles of Confederation* had wrung from Great Britain an acknowledgment of their independence. But no sooner was the war won than the weaknesses of a confederation were revealed. On American soil there were in fact thirteen jealous and jarring republics resolved in every way—commercially and politically—to assert their independence. The resulting chaos in finance, in commerce, and in foreign

relations at last broke down the opposition of the most obdurate separatists, and from the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 there emerged the constitution of the Federal Republic.

The main features of that constitution are familiar to all students of politics. But in view of the proposals to apply its fundamental principles to an international organisation it is important to analyse the distinctive characteristics common to all genuine federations. (i) A federation is made not born. Unlike the British Constitution, it must be the result of a deliberate and conscious act of political construction. (ii) It follows that the federal constitution must be embodied in a written document or *Instrument*. (iii) The sanctity of this Instrument must be safeguarded, and its terms must be interpreted by a judiciary co-ordinate in authority with the legislative and executive organs of government. (iv) Those terms must not be varied save by the deliberate act of the parties to the pact; special machinery must consequently be devised for their revision and amendment. (v) There must be a precise definition of powers; on the one hand between the several organs of government, federal and local—the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary—on the other between the federal and the local governments. The manner in which powers are distributed between the central and state governments is vital; it determines the whole character of the Federal State, and differentiates, for instance, the federalism of Canada, where the residue of powers is vested in the Central Government, from that of Australia, where it is vested in the component States. Differentiation of powers involves, also, of course, a dualism of law, and a complete reduplication of political organs.

This bare and bald enumeration of the essential features of the Federal State would be clarified and enforced by illustrations which space does not permit. Even so, it may suffice to indicate some of the difficulties which any scheme of international federalism must needs encounter. Recent experience both in Canada and Australia proves how difficult it is to adjust differences between the federal and the local governments, whether the balance of the Constitution is centrifugal or centripetal. So strained did the relations become in Australia

that in 1934 the Parliament of Western Australia actually passed an Act in favour of secession from the Commonwealth. In Canada a Royal Commission was appointed in 1937 to consider the whole question at issue between the Ottawa Government and the Provinces, but has not yet reported.\* Assuming, however, the vital problem of the division of powers to be satisfactorily solved, there remain many other difficulties. Of these the most intractable is the constitution of the federal legislature and federal executive respectively. In drafting his scheme for the federal legislature Mr Streit, whose interesting and provocative book 'Union Now' has done a great deal to force the federal idea upon public attention, takes the United States' Constitution as a model. The International Congress is to consist of two houses: a Senate and House of Deputies. The former is to be based on equal representation of the component States—two senators from each—with exceptions in favour of the United States, which is to have ten senators, and of France and the United Kingdom, with four apiece. Omitting Southern Ireland, whose position is wholly anomalous, and India, which seemingly presents insoluble difficulties to the Federal Unionists, the British Commonwealth would be able in the Senate to outvote the United States by two, but France would be outvoted by six! In the House of Deputies representation is to be on the basis of population, which would give the United States 126 members out of 287, as against 89 for France and the United Kingdom combined. China is not included in Mr Streit's scheme; were she to be admitted she would be able with her 440 deputies to outvote the rest of the world! The problem of the executive is even more difficult. Evidently the mind of the Federal Unionist hesitates between the cabinet and the presidential systems, but the resulting compromise is too grotesque to repay examination in detail. It is fair, however, to add that Mr Streit's draft constitution is merely 'illustrative.'

'Federal Union' is, of course, only one item, though it is at the moment the most fashionable in the plans

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\* To economise space reference on this vital question may be permitted to J. A. R. Marriott: 'The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth' (Nicholson and Watson, 1939), c. XXIII.

for a new World Order which are now emanating from many different quarters. Mr H. G. Wells opines that 'the Streit proposals must either take you further or land you nowhere,' and it is noteworthy that they are open to attack from both flanks, from zealous apologists for the League of Nations and from those who hold that even the League is doomed to failure as infringing too far upon the doctrine of national sovereignty. Mr Streit complacently contemplates the coming of a day when the Federal Union 'by the admission of new members would gradually absorb the League until that institution would disappear.' Ardent Leaguers on the contrary are not unnaturally apprehensive lest a Federal Union, having weakened or destroyed the League, would itself prove a more complete failure than the League itself. If the member States of the League are unwilling to surrender even so much of their independence as the Covenant demands, what chance is there, it may be well asked, that the electorates of Great Britain, France, and other democracies would make the much larger surrender of sovereignty involved in a Federal Union?

The question may be pressed further. The Imperial Federation League, formed in 1884 by influential statesmen to promote closer union between Great Britain and her colonies, came to nothing and was dissolved in 1893. But the formation in 1917 of a real Imperial Executive in the form of the Imperial War Cabinet revived the hopes of Federalists, only to have them again dashed by the rapidly developing nationalism, obtruded by the Dominions at the Peace Conference in Paris, and at various Imperial Conferences subsequent thereto. Particularly on the question of participation in a 'European' War have the Dominions shown themselves tenacious of their independence. Technically it may be true that when Great Britain is at war the British Empire is at war. Nor can there be any doubt about the effective solidarity of the Empire in any such crisis as the present. But the position is evidently a delicate one; and it is almost inconceivable that the Dominions, having shown themselves reluctant to surrender so much of their sovereignty as would permit the creation of an Imperial Executive and an Imperial Parliament, would be willing to surrender it in favour of a Federal Union in which, as

units or as partners in a British Empire delegation, they might be outvoted by foreigners.

It is noteworthy that the British Labour Party has already pronounced officially in favour of a peace settlement which must establish a new association or Commonwealth of States 'the collective authority of which must transcend, over a proper sphere, the sovereign rights of separate States.' Individual members of all parties have gone further than the official manifesto of the Labour Party. But the wisdom of precise definition of peace objectives is, at this stage, more than questionable. The Government are surely right in declining to formulate peace terms prematurely, or to go further than the general declarations repeatedly made by Mr Chamberlain and Lord Halifax. 'We wish to create an international order in which all peoples, as we hope, secure under the reign of law can determine their political and economic life free from the interference of their more powerful neighbours. To this end we would be willing to give our best in full co-operation with other nations—including Germany—to the work of reconstruction, political and economic, for only so do we believe that the ordered international life of Europe can be preserved.' So said Lord Halifax in the House of Lords on Dec. 6. For the present it is enough. We may, indeed, entertain the hope, expressed on both sides of the Channel, that the agreements recently concluded between England and France for pooling their resources may prove the nucleus of a more extended catena of agreements between other like-minded peoples. But for any such agreements, still more for an elaborate Federal Scheme, there must be (I borrow the words of Mr H. G. Wells, employed to condition his New World Order) a 'basis of common ideas.'

Meanwhile there is an increasing volume of assent among the people of this country to the proposition upon which M. Daladier has emphatically insisted that France will never lay down her arms without 'positive material guarantees.' That statement has been amplified and endorsed by Professor Denis Saurat, Principal of the Institut Français. Speaking in London on Feb. 15, M. Saurat said that the French would demand 'concrete guarantees'; that Germany must be disarmed 'totally and for ever,' by which they meant for thirty or fifty



years ; that there must be military occupation of all the chief German towns for a long time to supervise disarmament, involving in its turn such a measure of control by Great Britain and France that they would also have to be responsible for the feeding and welfare of Germany during the period until a régime was installed there with which they could work.

Such would, of course, be the terms only of the preliminary peace on which the Professor believed that France would insist. Then after an interval of some three or four years a Congress would meet, to which neutrals great and small, and Germany herself, would be admitted, on a footing of perfect equality. Upon this Congress would be imposed the task of making a definitive settlement and in particular hammering out a scheme for improved international relations.

About details it is unnecessary and unwise at this stage to express an opinion ; but it is not premature to insist that the mistake of 1919 must not be repeated. Not again must we attempt to combine a peace treaty dictated to the enemy immediately after the war with an elaborate scheme for future world-government. Any settlement designed for permanency must be reached by consent, with due deliberation and after a reasonable interval. Such a procedure as that indicated by the French has already commanded the assent of a body of opinion in this country, rapidly increasing in volume and influence. That its adoption may result in a permanent amelioration of international relations is the ardent hope of all who lament the tragedy of the past, and do not despair of the future.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

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| <b>Leonardo da Vinci.</b> Sir Kenneth Clark.                     | <b>Archbishop Laud.</b> H. R. Trevor-Roper.                |
| <b>The Eve of Victorianism.</b> Lady Brownlow.                   | <b>Richelieu: his Rise to Power.</b> Carl J. Burckhardt.   |
| <b>The Locks of Norbury.</b> The Duchess of Sermoneta.           | <b>Benes of Czechoslovakia.</b> Godfrey Lias.              |
| <b>Westminster Abbey.</b> Canon Jocelyn Perkins.                 | <b>Richard Crashaw.</b> Austin Warren.                     |
| <b>The Growth of Literature, III.</b> Mr and Mrs Munro Chadwick. | <b>Two Men in the Antarctic.</b> T. W. Bagshawe.           |
| <b>Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.'</b> Robert C. Brooks.        | <b>Man is my Theme.</b> Cyril Scott.                       |
| <b>Jenghiz Khan.</b> C. C. Walker.                               | <b>The Rainbow in the Valley.</b> J. C. Meredith.          |
| <b>The Empress Maud.</b> The Earl of Onslow.                     | <b>The Epic of the Finnish Nation.</b> Stephen de Ullmann. |
|  | <b>Stoic, Christian and Humanist.</b> Gilbert Murray.      |

SIR KENNETH CLARK'S Ryerson Lectures, delivered at Yale some three years ago, with other addresses whole or in part, which comprise his account of the development as an artist of 'Leonardo da Vinci' (Cambridge University Press) is the most important work on its subject that has appeared since Mr Edward McCurdy published his volumes on the Notebooks and the Drawings a number of years ago. It serves its purpose admirably: it is frank and sympathetic, it is intimate and penetrative, and naturally in building the measures of the great artist, it also discovers the man. In these brightly-flowing pages is as true a pen-portrait of Leonardo as we ever are likely to get. His many great faults are there: the limitations and the wilfulness and all else that to some measure must shadow greatness, and Sir Kenneth Clark subtly and gently reveals them—the hatred of Michaelangelo, the sexual tendencies, and so on—but as such shadows should do they tend to bring out with more definite clearness Leonardo's unquestionable and richly varied greatness. He belonged to the future as well as to his own Renaissance age. His restless interest in science, military, ballistic, architectural, in the problems of light, geology, and many things else was combined with an innate love for the grotesque and such crude practical joking as led to his fashioning elaborate wind-swollen dragons with which to frighten his friends. All that wealth of detail, so often freakish, is necessary to complete the portrait

not only of the artist but of the man, for they all went to the composition of his works in their most wide variety. With admirable discretion Sir Kenneth Clark takes examples of these seriatim, and finds even new truths to declare of that most baffling of portraits, the Mona Lisa, which he alleges still has further beauties to reveal the more it is examined in the light after removal from the darkness in which it is exhibited. Not only the most successful or ambitious works as 'The Last Supper' at Milan and the Cartoon which is a supreme treasure of Burlington House are dealt with illuminatively; but the lesser efforts also have discriminating examination, and are made to help to the revelation of Leonardo's genius as the artist he was. A handsome volume is this, written with courage, care, wisdom, and experience, and embellished with many illustrations that point the text. It is at once a tribute to Leonardo in his vital powers and chequered humanity and to the outstanding publishing house that has produced it.

Fascinating is the right word for the small book of reminiscences, written by Emma Sophia, the third wife of the first Earl Brownlow, and published under the title of 'The Eve of Victorianism' (Murray). The author had the great fortune to live among unusually interesting circumstances and was blessed with a happy gift for writing down her impressions brightly. She lived to a great age, and what memories she had! She saw Madame Récamier in her salon and Napoleon reviewing his troops; she sat at table with Fouché and Talleyrand and loathed them; she was dining with Castlereagh, that misunderstood great statesman, when the news came of the death of Sir John Moore; she danced with Blücher in Paris; met Queen Victoria's future Consort as a boy of fifteen; at the coronation of Queen Adelaide in close attendance she had to pin on her royal mistress's crown for safety with a thousand eyes staring at her critically; and on the same occasion, after Wellington had been spontaneously cheered by the peers and populace assembled in the Abbey, saw Brougham sign to his followers to do the same for himself, as some of them obsequiously did. In brief, as these examples show, she had the right of entry to distinguished circles and using her young eyes keenly and humorously was able to note many of the passing incidents which

humanise ceremony and social circumstance. Her personal sketches are revealing ; of Ney, who looked rather English, at his trial, and Queen Caroline, whom she detested, grossly over-painted at hers. Her particular favourites among the public men of the time seem to have been the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, who gave her the extraordinary opportunities she enjoyed of meeting people and witnessing historic events in Europe. It is a happy book which reveals an old England not unhappy in spite of the angers and anxieties over Reform, but certainly boisterous and prosperous.

The lovely Locks, '*The Locks of Norbury*' (Murray), whose family history has been beautifully told by their descendant, the Duchess of Sermoneta, were certainly as remarkable in themselves and in their associates as is claimed for them on the title-page. They had a gift for friendship and, therefore, enjoyed a large circle of friends, some of whom have impressed their names on our history ; but also they had their weaknesses, and more than all else they had the indefinite quality called charm. Their beginning was wrapped in mystery half-veiled, which does not matter ; and they are ending, if ending is the word, for there are daughters still under other names in Italy ; but meanwhile what enjoyment and glamour have they known—and now give—with old Grannie as their particular heroine, very aged, frequently tart, but immeasurably gentle and kind. Among the historic persons, often revealing new aspects of themselves which contradict popular opinion, are Nelson, strangely weak and unjust to Charles Lock under the malign pressure of that detestable Emma whom Romney immortalised ; Queen Caroline, on whose side the Locks were in the quarrel with her husband and showing herself generous and sympathetic—but we know there was other aspects to that picture : Madame de Staël, not attractive ; Talleyrand ; Fanny Burney and her husband, who had belonged to an eccentric establishment of French refugees, adjacent to Norbury Park, named Juniper Hall ; Lord Edward Fitzgerald as a British officer and afterwards as the unhappy and defeated Irish patriot ; and, hardly second to these in their personal interest, the relatives of the Locks, including the Duchess of Leinster with her more than twenty children and her second husband, the old schoolmaster, Ogilvie,

who acted as a sort of curmudgeon guardian to all. Every page of this volume has its interest. It comprises a chapter of humanity and family history uncommon in quality.

No. XXXIV of the Alcuin Club Collection has now appeared in the form of '**Westminster Abbey. Its Worship and Ornaments,**' Vol. II, by Jocelyn Perkins, M.V.O., M.A., D.C.L., Sacrist of the Abbey (Oxford University Press). It deals with The Rood Screen, Pulpitum, Altars of the Nave, Chapel of St Edward the Confessor, Chantry of Henry V, and Chapel of Henry VII; and what must have been a labour of ungrudging love on the part of the author will be a cause of pleasure and enlightenment to every reader interested in the Abbey. There are several stories of intense interest dealing with the vicissitudes of various features of the Abbey, ranging from astounding neglect to equally disastrous, wrongly applied restoration. But of interest above all, perhaps, is the story of Edward the Confessor's shrine, the changes in its base and feretory, the gradual accretion of its former jewelled resplendent adornment, the subsequent spoliation and destruction of the golden feretory and its replacement by the present wooden one, which, dignified and impressive as it may be, is a sorry makeshift for its predecessor. In these days when so much care and expert enthusiasm are luckily given to the objects in the Abbey, it is almost incredible to read of times when stray souvenir hunters (as they would be called now) could put their hands actually into St Edward's coffin and rake among the bones to see what they could find. Dr Perkins chiefly emphasises the post-Reformation period and has collected and given in this volume a great deal of most interesting information which is not obtainable elsewhere.

After what must have been immeasurable efforts, Mr and Mrs Munro Chadwick have completed their vast and complex work on '**The Growth of Literature**' (Cambridge University Press) with this third volume, which goes strangely far afield. In an effort of such close intensity and almost limitless discussions it is impossible to give more than the briefest commendation, yet it is praise earnestly sincere. The authors have gone back to the days when literature was in its oral stages; in the first volume gathering examples from the ancient litera-

tures of Europe ; in the second to Russian and Yugoslav oral literature, Indian and Hebrew ; and in this final volume—and all have been tomes most substantial—to some of the modern oral literatures of Asia, Africa, and the scatterings of the Pacific. One can only wonder at the comparative universality of the work, which concludes with a general survey that might, so far as concerns its length, have been published as a separate volume. Mrs Chadwick in one of her contributions to this general work asserts that women might usefully gather evidence of oral literature and believes that the Book of Samuel was oral and had a feminine genesis. The whole work, however, is a study of the closely complicated and must have required extraordinary skill and patience to reach the principles embedded behind it. Doubtless, in such a mass there are disputable points ; but the completion of a colossal effort, the attainment of a book of such permanent value, is the thing, and Mr and Mrs Chadwick are to be congratulated on their fine achievement.

Under the editorship of Professor Robert C. Brookes of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, a happy tribute has been paid to 'Bryce's "**American Commonwealth**"' (Macmillan : New York) in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its publication. The contributors, who include the late President Woodrow Wilson, with the review he wrote of the work in 1889, comprise a first-class team of legal and historical learning and authority and do not spend their opportunity in mere adulation but recognise with graciousness the weaknesses which time and Bryce's own ever-ready methods of gathering material caused to his work, which still has its aspects of outstanding quality. That he was wise in refusing to revise it is evident, as it remains a standard study of the political establishment of the great Commonwealth overseas, as it was half a century ago ; a half century, indeed, which has worked considerably for good and also of not so good to the United States. To a Briton, however, it is the personal tribute of these American professors to James Bryce which does the heart good. They recognise his sterling qualities as a man and ambassador as well as a social historian. He was a master of passing energy and seemed ever in a hurry. His willingness to help anyone who went to him was worthy to become proverbial. In a street of Washington once a

road-cleaner stopped him to ask his opinion of the value of a foreign postage-stamp, and it was the same over more serious things. He loved to use his knowledge in such ways. It was said that he was one of the fastest walkers and he was—for some two miles, after which he slackened ; but those are small things. What matters is that he was an outstanding British man-of-affairs, whose readiness and learning and genial kindness too were ever at the service of his fellow-beings.

Squadron-Leader C. C. Walker of the Canadian Air Force has written an admirable account of the career of 'Jenghiz Khan' (Luzac). It is vivid, forceful, and dramatic ; but in a small way he has marred it by occasional comparisons between the military methods of that 'Scourge of God' and those of modern warfare, in which, indeed, there can be no true comparison. For even modern armies, with their mechanical transport, cannot equal in mobility the extraordinary powers of the Mongolian forces led by the Great Khan. Their horses were exceptional, able to cover more than a hundred miles in a day, a speed of progress of which no large force at the present time is capable. He also compares the methods of scouting practised by Jenghiz and his contemporaries with those of the Great War. With us in the Great War no scouts were in advance of the army for more than eleven miles ; whereas the Khan could send out his scouts a month before his assault was to begin and have them extend for more than a hundred miles from his base ; conditions which in modern Europe anyhow, with its more or less rigorous frontiers, would be impossible. We must not, however, dwell too long on this aspect of Squadron-Leader Walker's work, for Jenghiz Khan is its interest, and an active, even violent source of interest too. His methods were 'thorough,' were colossal. He and his efficient lieutenants swept across Asia—from the Indian Ocean to the Dnieper—like a fiery whirlwind to leave havoc behind them in cities broken and despoiled and hundreds of thousands of corpses, even in some cases dogs and cats, as well as babies, being wantonly killed. It was a terrible onslaught on the innocent as well as on the opposing military ; but the author is able to claim, and in all probability rightly, that in China and Russia, at any rate, Jenghiz with the ruin he had caused cleared



the way for the empires which soon afterwards were to rise and flourish on the ashes he had scattered. Whether the study of his work as a conqueror can be useful to modern soldiers is doubtful, the conditions having been so different in their time from now ; but there can be no question that the visitation of such a warrior and human plague bringing destruction over vast fair spaces of the earth has its moral to us who are facing the threats of a would-be Jenghiz fortunately built, as we well may believe, on lesser lines.

Students of the twelfth century history are indebted to the Earl of Onslow for a scholarly and well written biography of '**The Empress Maud**' (James Clarke & Co.) which throws new light on an obscure and tangled period. Maud, as the daughter of that remarkable man, Henry I (and incidentally his only surviving legitimate child among a family of fourteen illegitimates), might be expected to have strong characteristics, and she had. Wife of the Emperor at fourteen and his widow at twenty-three, subsequently married, for political reasons, to the ruffian Geoffrey of Anjou ; heiress to her father's dominions in a position then unusual for a woman ; largely supplanted by her cousin Stephen ; waging war year after year, alternately winning and losing, she led a remarkable and adventurous career before, in the words of Bishop Stubbs, she 'appeared no more as the arrogant, self-willed virago, but as a sage politician and a wise, modest, pious old lady living at Rouen and ruling Normandy.' In her earlier years she was cursed with a lack of common sense and prudence in dealing with her most influential supporters which would have brought complete ruin if Stephen had not been cursed with the same defects in equal degree. As it was she lived to see her son firmly established on the English throne, while Stephen's family died out in obscurity. Lord Onslow's careful research and skilful presentation enlighten a dark epoch and have produced a really interesting study.

'**Archbishop Laud**' (Macmillan), whose full biography has been successfully written by Mr H. R. Trevor-Roper, other than his King and his domestic servants, had few friends in his lifetime, and possibly fewer among the critical and considerate of posterity. This book shows why that is so. A complete politician, pursuing through-

out his life one social-religious policy, the establishment at any price of Anglicanism, the 'little meddling hocus-pocus' and 'little low, red-faced man' as his opponents, possibly in their more genial moments called him, inspired occasionally fear but not awe. He was harsh and merciless in his policy and generally rude in his manner, and so strangely superstitious, accepting symptoms and dreams as omens, that, except again possibly in the uncertain heart of his King, he could not command anyone's lasting respect. Yet there was something tremendous in the tirelessness and thoroughness of Laud in his work—for he shared with Strafford his ideal of 'thorough'—and so he established his ends. If only he had been more gracious, had hated less narrowly some of his episcopal colleagues and the Puritans, his work might have been more lasting and he less conscious of his failure in his five sad closing years. Much of it, of course, has lasted or been revived by wiser ecclesiastical statesmen; but he only saw it in those last days as rapidly crumbling, with his enemies, who with Prynne were extraordinarily bitter and vindictive, showing their triumph over him vilely. In the end he was something of a martyr, yet apparently deprived of all that should hallow martyrdom. His faults of anger and relentlessness were too dark for any lasting brightness to go with his name, and though he met his executioner bravely he went out of life almost unblest. It was a strange career. That he was a civil servant on a very large scale who lived absolutely for his work. Such is the best that can be said for him. Mr Trevor-Roper brings out that truth abundantly; but also he shows enough of the actual man to make him a living yet unlovable figure.

The main disadvantage—though it may be an advantage also—of telling one life-story in so full an historical study as this, by Mr Carl Burckhardt, of '**Richelieu : his Rise to Power**' (Allen & Unwin) is that its particular subject is apt to be lost in the fullness of the narrative. The great Cardinal's time, including the later years, with which this volume does not deal, was one crowded angry period of military scramblings and national greeds. Those who had—the kings, princes, and powers, the last of which included the all-ambitious Church—were the envy of others who also had and who believed they

enjoyed the strength to get more ; and so the cockpit of Europe especially was a centre of greed, sufferings, marchings, counter-marchings. Richelieu was born with great personal gifts and soon had determined to make use of them, for the further embellishment of the throne of France, whose king, however, Louis XIII, was not the kind of person calculated, in earlier days especially, to make such an effective coadjutor as a capable monarch should have been. Especially as, before Richelieu could capture the full confidence of the king, he had made his mother, Marie de Medici, his Regent. An unfortunate step that was to dog the efforts of Richelieu throughout the compass of the present volume. The mutual opposition of the ill-tempered, small-minded Queen Mother with the ambitious young ecclesiastic-soldier-statesman makes amusing reading for us, but how often Richelieu must have stormed under the wanton restrictions that wilful old woman imposed on him, with her weak son half-resenting and half-acquiescent in them. In spite of that, Richelieu slowly built his way to power, and in the course of most difficult years was able to pacify France, to end the struggles of religion which has rent his country for centuries, to strengthen the Catholic monarchy in Europe, to defeat and humiliate England over Rochelle and elsewhere, in which sad triumph he was helped by the hopeless Buckingham, and to impress on the Emperor and on Spain the military and political powers of France. Of course, he was great—and almost as frequently bad. His ambitions were worldly—conquest and the glory of his master—and often one is brought to wonder whether the red hat did not often make the weapons and armour he wore seem to him incongruous. Yet he was an outstanding historical figure and fortunate in this volume which tells the story of his earlier career fully, cleverly, and picturesquely.

We had hoped that Mr Godfrey Lias's volume '**Benes of Czechoslovakia**' (Allen and Unwin) would be more of a personal study of the man than it happens to be. After all, a fascinating part of all national and international movements of historic moment must have personality behind them, and we had looked for such disclosure of characteristics, of strengths and weaknesses, in Dr Benes, as has been revealed elsewhere in the personality of Pro-

fessor Masaryk, the real and spiritual founder of the new Czechoslovakian republic which arose out of the blaze of the War. But it is not so. Dr Benes at the end of this eloquent volume remains little more evident to its readers than he was at the beginning, and it can only be felt that he has few of the salient outstanding qualities of his admirable master and chief. Yet the book has its values as a fair and, in spite of a natural partisanship, not unduly biased statement of the unhappy, humiliating events which led to the collapse of Bohemia. It is needless in this place to remark on that sad record. The evil is done and what led to it is well known. The historians are already detailing and weighing-up the issues and unfortunately because of it France, and to some degree Great Britain, will suffer in the eyes of posterity. What posterity, however, and all others must not forget is that the wanton duplicities, the harsh determinings, the blatant lying of Germany, were bound to score against the simple trust in the authority of pledges felt by Britons at home. Since the wolf pounced we have learnt better, and the mischief still can be and shall be undone. Dr Benes, with his cool advocacy of the truth and acceptance of facts, will assuredly help to that end; for however little the book reveals him as the man he is, it shows him tireless in effort and steadfast in his championship of his very ill-treated country.

To regard Mr Austin Warren's study of '**Richard Crashaw**' (Louisiana State University Press) as one in 'baroque sensibility' is very well up to a point, for amongst his characteristics he had the extravagancies and ecstasies, so to call them, that may go with the baroque; but that point is soon reached. It would have been juster and more helpful to have called him simply a religious poet, as that description fits him. A spiritual cousin of gentle George Herbert, though Crashaw drifted into Rome while Herbert remained an inspiration faithful to the Anglican temple, he paid ample chanting tribute to the sacred Muse who in his ardent mind and heart took many forms, as of Mary Magdalene, of St Teresa, to whom he was especially devoted, and the Blessed Virgin, tributes of exalted lyrical honour. That his work was often artificial, given sometimes to tricks of epigram and classical puns, with other verbal playfulness is true; yet

such idiosyncrasies do not spoil the reality of his utterance. They belonged to the man himself and to his time, were in his nature born, so that even his artifice had the justification of personal sincerity. Crashaw could never now be the poet of more than a religious and that a Catholic few; but in these horrid days of militant and pagan materialism there is a sure need for such inspiration and messages as his.

Possibly it is a pity that Mr T. W. Bagshawe's account of '**Two Men in the Antarctic**' (Cambridge University Press) was not published long ago, for it is twenty years since the events recorded in it occurred and time has altered a good many values of all kinds in those two decades. Yet the adventurous spirit remains undiminished and when the author, a very 'junior scientist' of nineteen and Mr M. C. Lester, a mercantile naval officer in the early twenties, elected to stay and rough it together for a whole year in the Antarctic, it was a bold and hazardous thing to do. They had belonged to a party of four bent on making scientific investigations in the very far south; but the two seniors of the party had to withdraw, and rather than go back with them the two youths decided to stay. Their supplies were uncertain, neither had experience how to treat illnesses or accidents if they occurred, but happily both of them had a saving sense of humour, and they pulled through their ordeal. They settled on a small island where there was a discarded water-boat and with the addition of package-cases and odds-and-ends converted it into a hut. They made their observations daily, recording the meteorological conditions, noting natural history—chiefly penguins, seals, and skuas—and for some time the tides, finding from that branch of their study amusement through the baffling vagaries of the tidal pole. The results of those researches are set down in readable appendices, but it is their joint adventure, with its abundant discomforts, their 'cheerful misery,' told in humorous vein which makes the book attractive. Theirs really was a remarkable achievement carried through, and one the world might well have known of long ago.

These times are more than out-of-joint. They see the world almost at breaking-point, with old dreams gone and civilisation threatened. It is, therefore, to be expected

that every one of us who thinks at all should have confident cures or nostrums to offer to mend the ills. Mr Cyril Scott, who confesses the sad truth that he has many large-dimensional musical compositions lying unwanted on his shelves, having an alert and comprehensive mind and surely no illusions whatever left to him, makes a wholesale critical study of social and other tendencies in '**Man is my Theme**' (Andrew Dakers)—a book that bears the imprint of a new publisher whose character and experience entitles him to success. So far-reaching is Mr Scott that he sees even in the nursery a hotbed for the cultivation of vanities, greeds, and other tendencies which later poison character and life. The poor babe to him is a villain in the making. Surely never has there been a more thorough arrangement than this of social weakness and sins, while unfortunately Mr Scott seems generally right in his destructive judgments. The waste from coal and the metals bounteously yielded by the earth to herrings cast back into the sea ; political greed and selfish ambitions, the corruptions in public life, the over-adoration of sport, the falsity of much religion and apparent inability to arouse independent thought—in all these considerations, and infinitely more, Mr Scott has shrewd and searching things to say, and although it is just one man's point of view, and, therefore, however intelligent, limited to him, the contents of this volume call for reading and thought as well as for some action thereafter.

If Mr James Creed Meredith's thoughtful and imaginative volume '**The Rainbow in the Valley**' (Browne and Nolan, Dublin) is not a remarkable book, it is very like one. The first suggestion as to its theme, the communications made by a group of scientific thinkers settled for the time in Western China, with corresponding minds in Mars, would cause many to put it aside at once as one more ill-digested romance of preposterous guess-work ; but it is vastly more than that. Its purpose is philosophical and has more to do with our own vexations of Earth than with the details of Martian conditions. At the same time those conditions are recognised and the ways in which our practical philosophers at a fortunate time—for Mars was willing—gradually got into thoughtful and verbal communication with the planetary people—by means of numerals, colones, chemistry, in gradual and

continued succession and so on—are ingenious and as convincing as any imaginary efforts may be. As to the conditions on Mars they were ahead of our own, having after ruinous turmoil enjoyed absolute peace for 10,000 years, with the whole planet ruled by a council of forty wise men, and inspired at least with the Christian spirit. Their wisdom enables them to advise us on our worldly affairs, but it is a little surprising to find them giving confident advice on the Dantzig question as well as on the partition of Ireland and vivisection. That really is too much for such very distant advisers. Their consultations with Earth's representatives on the deeper motives of the spirit are more convincing—for what are such political questions but fleeting and transitory, whereas the exchange of thoughts on life after death and immortality is worthier of spatial discussion.

Anyone who wants to read a clear, concise account of Finland (and incidentally to do a good deed, for half the profits of the book are to go to the Finland Fund) would do well to get Dr Stephen de Ullmann's '*The Epic of the Finnish Nation*' (Pilot Press). In little more than a hundred small pages the book gives an account of Finland's history, geography, culture, artistic development, and leading characters, with an explanation of Russia's evil ambitions and assaults and the heroic defence against them. So small a space gives but little scope for literary achievement or expansive description and facts have to be left bare and unadorned. However, they are thus often all the more compelling. The Finns have had many grim struggles in their history. Stalin is but another more starkly ruthless and certainly less picturesque Peter the Great. In spite of all, the Finns have developed their strong national character, courage, and culture, and we must all hope that the end is not yet.

No more persistently courageous or comprehensive mind exists than that of Dr Gilbert Murray who, in season and out of it, for years has been asserting human rights and pleading for a spirit of reasonableness in affairs. He has taken many opportunities of resting from his Hellenic studies and translations of the great Greek dramatists, by writing books that appeal for a just reconsideration of our social, political, and religious creeds and practices, and if, in all this, he should be just one more voice crying from



the wilderness that does not discourage him from raising it again in a new cause shortly afterwards. In his compact little book 'Stoic, Christian and Humanist' (Allen & Unwin) he goes frankly back to the pagan origins of many of our cherished orthodox faiths and in re-discovering them to other minds hides nothing. We have a sympathetic view of Zeno the father of the Stoics who is certainly revealed as an idealist; are given an interpretation of a life after death as believed in by others earlier than Christians, and a brief unflattering view of Comte, who seems to have been a world-renovator in a hurry. But throughout these excursions, the application of the older ideals and beliefs to the present world with its brutalities suffered and wretchedness is kept somewhere in mind and Dr Murray calls for moral idealism, a human spirit, to help to mend the rot.

## IN MEMORIAM: C. E. L.

THE 'Quarterly' this month appears under the shadow of the loss of its joint-editor Mr Charles Edward Lawrence, who died on March 14, and whose last work, on his death-bed, was correcting proofs for this number.

It may safely be said that never in the 131 years' existence of the 'Quarterly' has anyone had a longer, more intimate and more honourable association with it. 'C. E. L.,' as he was widely known, after a few years as secretary to Canon (afterwards Bishop) Gore, joined the staff of John Murray's in 1897. During his first few years his work was unconnected with the 'Quarterly,' but it would have been surprising if a man so discerning as Sir George Prothero, the then editor, had not soon realised what an admirable and skilful helper C. E. L. would be, and so from the early years of this century his time and labour were increasingly borrowed for 'Quarterly' purposes, and he very soon became the recognised 'Quarterly' assistant. On Sir George's death in 1922 my father took on the editorship, which, with his many other interests, he could hardly have done if C. E. L. had not been there to help him, and so he, C. E. L., became sub-editor. On my father's death in 1928, when I was naturally hesitating, owing to my lack of editorial experience and lesser literary abilities, to take on so imposing a task, it was C. E. L.'s encouragement and consent to become joint-editor with me that finally decided me, and during these last twelve years his help and collaboration have been invaluable. I have often told him that it was really an unfair arrangement, as whatever glory in editorship there might be came undeservedly to me while he did most of the hard work, though he kindly would not agree to this.

His knowledge of the history and traditions of the 'Quarterly' was immense, as was his tact in guiding me in the narrow path if he thought that I was inclined to accept articles not up to 'Q. R.' standard!

It must be admitted, however, that not infrequently his own head and heart were at variance. He had known only too well what early literary struggles mean and what encouragement publication of a book or article may give to the struggler. In such cases his judgment on mediocre

work was markedly and at times unjustifiably lenient. He knew this, and knew that I knew it, and it was a tacit agreement between us that it meant having another opinion so that he should not bear alone the responsibility of smothering struggling hopes.

He was a constant contributor to the Review himself, both under his own name and also anonymously, often on the subject of poetry, in which he took the keenest interest.

Perhaps, however, it was as novelist that he most wanted to be remembered, and, indeed, he had an imposing list of striking works to his credit. That on the whole they never found the popularity which they deserved was possibly because, as he himself admitted, he wrote to please himself and not primarily what he knew would be most popular. His own early struggles and work at Toynbee Hall had given him deep insight into life carried on in drab surroundings and often in grinding poverty, and some of the scenes of his stories, with all their sympathy, are grimly realistic—but often strangely and unexpectedly into the grimmest scenes would come gleams of another land, a fairyland very real to him, and indeed the fairies under the touch of his magic became very real and wondrously attractive! He also had a keen love of historical romance, and some of his best work was of an historical nature. It was typical that his home, with the romantic sounding name of Argovie, should be perched on a Surrey hill top, with a view over the countryside which he loved so dearly and isolated from the so-called amenities of town or suburbia, even though it meant that morning after morning on a pedal bicycle he had to make his way down to the station to join the black-coated 'daily-breeding' crowd on their way to the usually monotonous routine of work in London; and then in the evening again, perhaps tired after an exhausting day, he would push his bicycle uphill, back to Argovie and his dreams and the delights of home and garden.

He was always eager for new experience, and that was why in the later days of the last war he insisted on joining up, though well over military age. In later years when one looked on his whitening hair of most unmilitary length and his not altogether uncultivated literary stoop and heard him talk of the days of 2nd Lieut. Lawrence of the R.A.S.C., smiling admiration was evoked, for in truth

the military life was far from his usual pursuits and no uniform could make him look like the typical soldier.

Up to the end, through the last months of illness, the seriousness of which he luckily never fully realised, he insisted on working at the 'Quarterly' proofs, and on my visits to him in hospital would discuss future plans and articles, not knowing, what I knew, that for him there would, alas, be no future issues. Only a few hours before his death he wrote me a post-card rejoicing at what he thought was a really better report as a result of further medical examination, and once again his gallant spirit rose in hope of the recovery, which had seemed so slow, from the weariness and weakness of illness.

Of his other great interest, the Savage Club, I am not competent to write, but he will leave an unfading memory there. Of that club he was a Trustee and had for six years been Honorary Secretary, always beloved and, as one member has put it, 'father confessor.' There 'Mr Lawrence,' or C. E. L. of office hours, became, I am told, 'Charlie,' the best and most genial of good 'mixers' in an assembly which is not noted for standoffishness.

And so passes a very true friend and loyal colleague, and no words of mine can fitly express my gratitude to him for his unfailing help and unselfishness—and there must be many who share this feeling.

JOHN MURRAY.

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